

graph of John Savage, Evangelist, for Decr 1798

THE
YOUNG EVANGELIST;

EXEMPLIFIED

In a *VIEW* of the
LIFE

OF THE LATE

Rev. JOHN SAVAGE,

PASTOR
OF THE INDEPENDENT CHURCH AT FARNHAM, SURREY;

With occasional Reflections:

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A SELECTION of his LETTERS.

By JOSEPH JEFFERSON, *K*

BASINGSTOKE, HANTS.

Ergo Quintilium perpetuus fopor
Urget? cui Pudor, et Justitiæ foror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ultimum invenient parem?

HOR. lib. I. ode xxiv.

Remember them which have the rule over you, who have spoken
unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the
end of their conversation. HEB. xiii. 7.

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SELECTED LETTERS



MY DEAR MR. TAYLOR
I have just received your letter of the 10th inst.

and am glad to hear that you are well. I am
also glad to hear that you are interested in the
business of the New York & Havana Direct Line.

I am sure that you will find it a very profitable
business, and I am sure that you will find it a very
interesting business.

I am sure that you will find it a very profitable
business, and I am sure that you will find it a very
interesting business.

TO
Mrs. ELIZABETH SAVAGE ;

AND TO
THE CHURCH OF PROTESTANT
DISSENTERS,

*Assembling for Public Worship at the New Chapel,
Farnham.*

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

WHILE the following pages may revive the sigh of recollected friendship, in the breasts of other relatives and friends of the deceased, they will especially be perused by You,—the forrowing Widow and the destitute Church,—with the tenderest sensations of renewed grief;—yet tempered, I trust, by a happy submission to the will of Him, who may “do what he will with his own.” Your loss is indeed very great: but death,

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you

DEDICATION.

you know, is "gain," as it is the gate of life, to those who, through grace, believe, and live, and die, as did the Husband and Pastor, the memorial of whose excellent Life and happy Death it is the design of these pages to preserve. The tear of your affectionate remembrance may once more bedew the urn of him who sleeps in death; and then you will permit the kindness of a friend to direct your views again to yon glorious scenes; where "the spirits of the just made perfect," having escaped from the toils of mortality, are completely happy. Be it your blest employment, while here below, to be "followers of him, who thro' faith and patience now inherits the promises;" casting all your care and your burthens on that gracious God, who pleadeth the cause of the widow, is a Father of the fatherless, and the Ever-living Head of the Church,—“the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.”

The pleasing flowers that began to adorn your respective happy walks, of domestic life

life and of church-relation, were soon withered by "the wintry blast of death;" but "the word of the Lord endureth for ever," — that word, which has already instructed you how to drink with resignation the cup of sorrow which your Father hath given you to drink; and which will still afford you the best consolations, amidst the future ills of life. You will please to accept this little volume, as the tribute of sincerest respect to the memory of the affectionate Partner, the faithful Minister, and *my* Friend. And O that the dear infant charge, intrusted to your fostering care, may learn, not only to hush the honoured name of a Parent, whether *departed* or yet surviving, but also in early life to ask for the blessing of Him, who has made such gracious provision for his people, and "their offspring with them."

May the blessed influences of the Divine Spirit attend the perusal of this little work, for your consolation, and the future instruction of your children: that the widow and the fatherless, the parents and the children,

DEDICATION.

the minister and the flock, may ere long, in another world, unite, not only to acknowledge that the Lord hath done all things well, but also to celebrate the wonders of His mercy, who led you all by a right, however painful, way to a city of habitation; where you shall find each other again, to be separated no more for ever. And that this may be your happy portion, as individuals and as a church, is the heart's desire and prayer of,

O my dear Fellow-Christians,

Your very sincere

And sympathizing Friend,

JOSEPH JEFFERSON.

BASINGSTOKE,

March 6, 1799.

PREFACE.

THE Biography of the late Mr. Savage was originally drawn up by the present Writer, with the view of being communicated to the serious public through the channel of the Evangelical Magazine. The original Compilation was, however, thought to be too long for a periodical miscellany of that nature; on which account, it seems, it was abridged, and a concise Memoir was accordingly inserted in the number for December, 1798.

The venerable Tutor, the worthy Relatives and Friends, of the dear Deceased, who had seen the original Biography, were pleased to express their kind approbation of it. They have, moreover, united in the request, that it might be published as it was first written. If an abridged Memoir of so young a man was judged sufficient
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for the public eye at large, *they* wished to preserve the larger Memorial of one they so much loved; at least within the more contracted circle of private Friendship and Connexions. Nor was it thought altogether improbable, that the Life of so excellent a Minister, young as he was, might, through a divine blessing, be the means of some usefulness to others not so much interested as themselves; by stimulating the young (and especially young ministers) to be followers of one, who, by the grace of God, was enabled to set them so bright an example. If Mr. Savage was not venerable for age, being but a youth when he died,---he was, however, such a youth, as, I fear, our churches and our academies do not every day produce. We are too apt to indulge the idea, that great attainments in religion are not to be expected in early life; and, consequently, no great exertions are made, either in youth, or even in advancing life, by many. The fruits of autumn, it is true, are not to be sought for in spring; it is well, if there are the promising blossoms, or the green leaves, or even the first opening buds, to encourage the hope of ripe fruit in due season. But it is not quite so well, if our young Converts and Evangelists, in whom "the root of the matter is found," are content merely to *vegetate* in the church of Christ. There is no need of checking
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the growth of the "young plantation," through the fear of its bearing too much, or too early, fruit. If larger Memoirs may be allowed to trace the long, and honourable, and useful career of our "old disciples" and our venerable apostles, our Mnasons and our Pauls, let it not be thought too great presumption, if the amiable example of a younger Timothy be exhibited, in the following pages, as an incitement, not only to early piety, but to early proficiency in religion. It is expected, that "the hoary head" of the Christian believer "should be found" eminently exemplary "in the way of righteousness;" and when young professors peruse the history of the heavenly-mindedness of the aged saint, they approve the venerable piety, and hope, with as much indolence as desire, that when they too shall become old, they too may be more like him. But...what if they should die in *youth*, as the subject of the following Memoirs did? Let it also be recollected that there are aged Christians (reckoning by years of natural life) who are mere children in religion, and that there have been young Christians possessed of considerable maturity in faith and hope and love, and other Christian graces. The bud, the leaf, the blossom, and the ripe fruit, were produced in quick and beautiful succession; and such an instance, it is hoped, the Reader will have to contemplate in this little Performance.

„ Virtue

"Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures;
That life is long, which answers life's great end."

While the Writer begs leave to introduce, for the instruction and imitation of others, the pleasing example which he has now the happiness of recording, he might himself drop the tear of penitence, as well as of friendship, when he feels how much himself stands reprov'd, professing, as he does, to arouse his young Fellow-Christians, and fellow-labourers in the vineyard of Christ, to more animated exertions, and greater proficiency in religion. Let us "arise, therefore, and be doing, and the Lord will be with us." Our amiable Brother, and others with him, who were eminent for sanctity, and zeal in their Master's cause while on earth, seem to be saying to us, from their abodes of bliss, (what was inscribed on the statue of some honoured hero of antiquity) *Si feceritis sicut nos, eritis sicut nos*,---"If ye shall do as we have done, ye shall be (glorious and happy) as we are." But we might have been led to all this before now (and especially we who sustain the ministerial office), if we had been more attentive to what Paul has addressed to his young Timothy, and to all young ministers through him, "Let no man despise thy youth; but be thou an example of the believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. Till I come,

come, give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine. Neglect not the gift that is in thee ; which was given thee by prophecy, with the laying on of the hands of the presbytery. Meditate upon these things ; give thyself wholly to them ; that thy profiting may appear to all. Take heed unto thyself, and unto the doctrine ; continue in them ; for in doing this thou shalt both save thyself, and them that hear thee." I. Tim. iv. 12---16.

When the Writer was called upon to prepare the following Memoirs for the press, it was thought proper to make some additions to the original copy, by a few occasional enlargements, by interweaving some reflections with the narrative, and by the Selection of a few Letters written by Mr. Savage,---with the view, not of merely *making a book* (for materials were not wanting to make it much larger than it is), but of rendering the little volume more acceptable and useful to the Reader. Such as it is, the Compiler submits it with deference, and accompanied with his prayers, to the kind patronage of the Friends of the Deceased, and to the candid perusal of others, especially the young, into whose hands it may come ; as a small, but sincere token of respect to the memory of a valuable Friend and Brother,---the "frail memorial" of departed worth.

THE
YOUNG EVANGELIST,

WITH what attention and pleasure does the naturalist survey the different states and changes through which an insect passes, from its first mode of existence till it takes wing and mounts aloft ! But, “how much better” is a man than an insect ! With what peculiar attention, and interesting pleasure, mixed too with grief, may not the religious philosopher contemplate the various states and changes of an immortal soul, in the respective gradations of nature, grace, and glory ;—as born in sin ; preserved by divine patience ; converted by sovereign mercy ; kept by the power of God ; and gradually sanctified by grace, till, by breaking its shell of clay, and leaving that behind in the dust of death, it takes wing, and triumphantly flies to “another and a better world.”

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Such

Such is the employment, such the pleasure and the grief that are felt, when the biographer is called upon, in the course of providence, to draw up a sketch of the life of a dear and worthy friend, whose excellent character while living, and happy departure in death, seem to invite the attention of survivors. And it is with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain, the Writer has to present to the serious Reader a View of the Life, the Character, and happy Death of an excellent young Minister, the late Rev. JOHN SAVAGE, of Farnham, in Surry.

When the hand of friendship has to delineate the likeness of one we love, there may be a suspicion lest flattery should mix some of the colours too highly, and partiality be tempted to produce a portrait beyond the truth. With a trembling pen the biographer undertakes his present office; but the fear which he feels, is, not that he should go beyond the lineaments of the original, but lest he should not be able to do sufficient justice to his subject. This may be the case, in the performance of an unskilful limner, and especially in the first essays of his art.

There is one happiness, however, which he feels, and which encourages him to pay this testimony of respect to departed friendship and worth:—he is not left to his own

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resources only; he has little more to do than to compile a simple narrative, selected from the copious materials, which the authentic testimonies of friends and relatives, and especially the various manuscript papers of the deceased, have afforded him. With the events of this narrative, however, he hopes he may be permitted to intermix a few occasional reflections of his own, as circumstances dictate, with a view to render the biography more useful.

It is not an enumeration of many and important events, in the public life of this young man, that the reader is to expect; for his life was very short;—the pleasing flower was soon cut down. He lived, however, *much in a little time*. Many have lived three times as long, but few have lived half so well. At the same time, it is not intended to present him to public view as a *perfect* character; for he himself knew and acknowledged his imperfections at the throne of mercy; as will appear from his own language, collected from his papers and letters. The design of this little work is, to trace the power of divine grace, as it was illustrated in his experience and life; and to stimulate others to be followers of such an amiable example, so far as he was a follower of Christ.

John Savage was born at Ipswich, in Suffolk, the 21st of March, 1775; and

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brought up under the eye of his parents, who were worthy, moral people, and attended at the Presbyterian Meeting; where, there was reason to fear, nothing better than mere morality was delivered from the pulpit. In April, 1786, the father died, when his son John was but eleven years old. We have nothing particular to record of the boy's earlier days, except that, as he grew up, he discovered a fondness for reading; and, by the time he was thirteen, he had read most of the ~~minor~~ histories, plays, and novels of the day; for he saw no harm in such pleasing books. When it is recollected how earnestly most young persons devour such food, so copiously and so artfully provided, to satisfy the natural appetite of the mind, it might easily be suspected, that such reading, so suitable to the depraved taste of human nature, would be pernicious, and of the worst tendency. Thousands, from sad experience, have confessed the fact. His mind was soon infected with the poison of such palatable performances; as his own testimony has left on record, in the following words:—"I verily believe, had not the Lord called me early, I should have drunk very deep into the pleasures, gallantries, and pursuits of the gay world; but blessed be the Lord, who, I trust, has called me by his grace, and kept me from falling into those dreadful snares, which

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would otherwise have been my eager pursuit."

In January, 1789, he came to London, to be employed in the counting-house of a near relative, whom the Lord had "called by his grace" about a year before. And it was well that a youth coming up to London fell into such hands. He was one of the very few that escaped the corruption of the metropolis; not, however, owing to his own prudence or resolutions, but because he was kept by the restraining and converting grace of God. With his worthy relative he regularly attended the preaching of the gospel on Lord's days, at the Rev. J. Brookbank's Meeting, and, chiefly, at the Tabernacle. When the latter place is mentioned, there are some readers, whose organs of hearing are so very delicate, that they can scarcely endure the sound of the word. Should any such cast their eyes on this narrative, it is humbly requested, that they will not, however, throw it aside at once, but exercise a little patience with us, and condescend to read on.

The kind friend took frequent opportunities of conversing with his young relative, on serious subjects; and, the Lord inclining his heart to attend to the instructions that were given, his soul was soon drawn to love the ways of religion, and to delight in the "reasonable service" of the God who made

him. He had to acknowledge that his views of divine truth were imperfect and dim; but the Lord gradually enlarged his discoveries. "The path of the just is as the shining light that shineth more and more, to the perfect day." The youth, having thrown aside his plays and novels, as pernicious trash, now began to "retire, and read his bible, to be gay." Having found the "pearl of great price," he "went and sold all that he had, and bought it." Taking every opportunity, on week-day evenings, to hear the word of God, which was often blest to the edification of his soul, he commenced, in the best sense, *abandoning man of pleasure*. A sentence in his own words will explain what is meant:—"I now began to see the vanity of the world,—the insufficiency of earthly enjoyments to afford me satisfaction; from which I had expected before to reap the greatest possible delight. The baneful, fading flower of worldly pleasure, just springing up to my view, was thus, through grace, nipt in the bud; and it affords matter of grateful acknowledgment to the Giver of all Mercy, that it has never more appeared desirable to my soul."—Was not this, my dear reader, a blessed method, which our young friend was led to pursue, in religion and in life. Let others affect to despise these conversions—from darkness to light, and from the
power

power of Satan unto God,"—he is sure to seek these best of all blessings; leaving those who know no better, to Tink at our weakness; while we, who have found the truest happiness, will pray for them.

Religion, however, is not without some painful difficulties; but these arise from our remaining ignorance, and the sin that yet dwelleth within us. Mr. Savage thought that now he should have nothing more to do with sin or the world; but that henceforward he should go on, without any discouragement, in the ways of God. Like other young converts, he had not then made much proficiency in self-knowledge; nor did his experience, in this respect, exactly correspond with his expectations; and through what various frames of alternate hopes and fears he passed, cannot better be expressed than in his own language:—"I was very gradually led into a discovery of the evil of my heart, and to a feeling sense of my absolute need of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only Saviour. After a variety of exercises,—hope and fear, as to my state, alternately prevailing; and having for some time sustained the character of the labouring and heavy-laden, I was enabled by faith to come to Christ, and in him found rest and peace to my soul."

There was one circumstance, however, in the history of his religious experience, that may

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may not be omitted in these memoirs, as he himself has so particularly recorded it in his papers. On Good-Friday, 1792, he was, by a kind providence, on a visit at the house of Mrs. H——, in Old-street Square; when, in company with her and Mrs. J—— (two pious gentlewomen), he was led to speak of his doubts; and, for the first time, to disclose the discouraged state of his mind. The conversation of these *Priscillas* was rendered, by a divine blessing, so very useful to the instruction and encouragement of his soul, as, in a great measure, to remove the doubts under which he had laboured for about two years. His own words, respecting this circumstance, deserve to be recorded:—"This opportunity was greatly blessed to my soul; and I trust ever to remember it with joy and gratitude to the God of my salvation. From this period till I began my diary [in his eighteenth year], I enjoyed much of the presence of the Lord, had many tokens of his favour, and was enabled to walk nearer to his blessed self."—This was to him a Good-Friday indeed; and is an encouragement for other *Priscillas* and *Aquilas* to embrace every suitable opportunity of "expounding" unto young Christians, as they may be able, "the way of God more perfectly."—Acts xviii. 26. in his
Mr. Savage was intended by his friends for secular business; and his prospects in the world

+ Mr. Harris, & Mr. Jenkins.

world were promising. But the Lord, having first called him by his grace, evidently intended him for another line. He was not one of those "Levites," who "go to sojourn where they may find a place," merely "for so many shekels of silver by the year, the suit of apparel, and the victuals."—Judges xvii. 7-10. It is a pity that there should be so many *Micahs*, ready to consecrate unworthy Levites for priests; who want the first essentials of the sacred office,—real love to Christ, and zeal for the salvation of souls.

The mind of our young Levite now began to be much impressed with a desire to be employed in the ministry of the gospel; and with a conviction that it was the will of God he should devote himself to the sacred work. Worldly sacrifices were to be made; but the humble hope of being useful, as an instrument in the hand of the Lord, to save immortal souls, outweighed the arguments of temporal interest. For nearly two years, before he could communicate his thoughts to any one on this subject, he suffered much in his mind, and prayed much, before he came to a determination to dedicate himself to that important office. His own words are these:—"After having for a while known the goodness of the Lord, and finding Christ increasingly precious to my soul, I felt a desire to be useful in proclaiming the riches of his

his mercy to others. But, though I believed it was the will of God I should be employed in his service, a sense of my unfitness for the work kept me back. I had much to struggle with, and it was long before I could communicate my feelings to any: but being encouraged by ministers, and other Christian friends, I was at length, after much prayer and deliberation, led to go forward, with a view to the important work."—Accordingly, conceiving of the work of the Christian ministry as arduous,—and that "ambassadors for Christ" ought to possess other qualifications besides grace and zeal, he was inclined to attend to preparatory studies. He had read the advice of young Timothy's inspired preceptor:—"Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—II. Tim. ii. 15. And our young evangelist had much reason to be thankful, that he was led to pursue his academical studies under the direction of the Rev. William Bull, at Newport-Pagnell, Bucks: while the venerable tutor acknowledges (in the following paragraph from a letter), that the pupil "passed through a course of academical studies with great credit to himself, and with no small satisfaction to his tutor. Having an exceeding good understanding, and having been in habits of diligent application

ation to business, his progress in learning was very respectable, for the time spent in pursuit of it." He was not one of those who despise human learning, nor did he overrate it. Learning cannot make ministers, nor Christians; but, as "the bible is the most learned book in the world," when human literature is content to be a handmaid to divine truth, and brings its humble offerings to the sanctuary of God, it is then of peculiar service. Besides paying attention to theological pursuits, more immediately connected with his future views, our student made some progress in Latin and Greek, and had begun the Hebrew language. His, however, was but a *commencement*. Had he been spared, no doubt he would have pursued these studies to greater proficiency.* He

quitted

* From the possibility of these pages being read by some young brethren in the ministry, or candidates for the sacred office, may the writer be permitted to employ this note in recommending the study of the Hebrew language to their particular attention, besides the Latin and Greek. The roots of that sacred tongue are not such *dry things* as some may have imagined; for, when soberly cultivated, they will assuredly produce a rich variety of delicious fruit. "The Hebrew," says Mr. *Hervey*, "is so pregnant and rich in sense, that no translation can do it justice." And *Luther* has observed,—"Scio quantum mihi cognitio Ebraeae linguae profuerit contra hostes meos; quare hac quatuorlinguae cognitione infinitis auctorum carere nolin."—(Comment. in Psal. xlv.) Shall the difficulty of learning the language be made an objection by the theological student?—What! when there is "An Easy Guide, or an Introduction,

quitted the scene of his academical pursuits sooner than he wished to have done, from a conviction, after much and frequent prayer for direction, that it was the Lord's will, and an evident call of Providence, that he should settle over a congregation at Farnham, in Surry. But he did not take this step without the advice and consent of his tutor and friends.

While at the academy, he was occasionally called upon to exercise his talents, in supplying neighbouring villages and churches, in conjunction with his fellow students; and in the vacations he preached at other places, — London, Ipswich, Plymouth-Dock, &c.; and, without aiming at popularity, he enjoyed the esteem, and even the warmest love,

to the Hebrew Language, Adapted for the Use of Schools, and to Render Persons Capable of Teaching Themselves in an Expeditious Manner," *written by a Lady*! — (Mrs. E. Bullman: See Monthly Review, December, 1795.) — And when Philip Henry's eldest daughter, at *six or seven years old*, could readily read and construe an Hebrew psalm! — (P. Henry's Life.) — It may be further added in this note, that it is said the present Bishop of Durham has lately expressed his earnest wish, that candidates for orders should in *future* prepare themselves in Hebrew, as well as Greek. — That he has declared his intention of giving a premium of books, to the amount of ten guineas, to the candidate who shall appear to have made the greatest proficiency in that language; and five guineas to each of the others, who shall construe, grammatically, a chapter in the Hebrew bible." — (Monthly Magazine, October, 1797; p. 317.) — If the Hebrew student wishes to have a treasure indeed, let him procure *Parkhurst's Hebrew and English Lexicon*, without Points: 3d edit: 4to.

of the several congregations where he preached. From some of his letters it appears, that he had the pleasure of knowing that his labours in these occasional visits were made useful to souls. It was, however, with peculiar anxiety of mind, that he made these primary essays in preaching; and it is most probable that the subject and text of his first attempt in this way, in the vestry of the Meeting at Newport-Pagnell (Nov. 17, 1793), were dictated to him from the sensations of his own mind, in the prospect of his work. The text was Psalm xlii. 5.—
 “Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted in me? Hope thou in God; for I shall yet praise him for the help of his countenance.”

He spent an occasional Lord's-day (August 2, 1795), at Farnham; and was requested to visit them again in January following; which he did; and, having preached with acceptance, was invited for six months; at the expiration of which time, he received an unanimous call to the pastoral office over them; which he saw it his duty, after much deliberation and prayer, to accept. The following extract from a letter to one of his private friends, will discover in what manner he acted on this solemn occasion:—

“I once thought I had almost climbed the happy height of nothingness: but have to
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lament with you, being very far below it of late. I seem in this respect something like the snail attempting to gain the pole. My progress upwards at best is but slow; and too frequently I return further than I have gone up. When I imagine myself almost to have attained it, a slight turn in my spirit removes me at a distance, and my work is all to begin anew. This has been much the case respecting an all-important concern; which, for the last week or two, has nearly weighed me to the ground. My bible tells me to cast my burden upon the Lord; but I have been vainly attempting to bear it myself. He has, however, been pleased to take it from me, and enabled me again to say, 'Thy will be done.' You will perceive my intention in the letter for the church; and, if the Lord has any work for me to do, I doubt not being spared to perform it. As it appears to be his will to lead me to Farnham, I trust it is not without some gracious design: and I hope, if I am brought to sow the seed of the word again, you will continue to aid its increase by your prayers; that, should any harvest ensue, you may bear a sheaf of the praise."

The history of the dissenting congregation at Farnham is known to many. It may not, however, be unnecessary in this place to say, that the people who compose it had with-
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drawn from the established church, on the occasion of the Rev. Mr. Gunn's being removed from his situation, as afternoon-lecturer at the parish-church of Farnham, and curate of Odiham (where he preached in the mornings); in order that they might seek "the bread of life" elsewhere. Mr. Gunn's labours had been blest to many souls; who could not be satisfied without hearing the same "joyful sound" of salvation by Jesus Christ, which they had been accustomed to hear. A new chapel was therefore erected in 1793;* where, for a time, the prayers of the Church of England were read; but at length, after having one and another candidate for the office of a pastor, they formed themselves into a regular dissenting church of the Independent denomination.

These pages shall not detail the singular opposition which these good people met with, when they saw it their duty to withdraw from the established church. Perhaps there have been few instances, in late years, of a greater spirit of persecution, manifested against a few harmless people, who wished to worship God according to the dictates of their consciences. It was an outrage, not only against all religion, but even against order, decorum, and common sense. It

* See the Religious Intelligence in the Evangelical Magazine, for December, 1793.

was very like some persecuting scenes recorded in the Acts of the Apostles.—Nor will the writer here enter into any arguments in defence of the conduct of the separatists at Farnham. He will satisfy himself in quoting two or three extracts, from authors whose sentiments on the subject may not be so much suspected of partiality, as his own would be. The excellent and judicious Archbishop Secker says:—"We have, in fact, *lost many of our people to sectaries, by not preaching in a manner sufficiently evangelical.*"* And an eminent and pious clergyman, now living (without using any disrespectful name, as the good primate has done), explains these matters in the most sensible and liberal way, in an excellent little work just published.—"Having thus," says he, "through the medium of a preached gospel, heard the voice of the great and good Shepherd, they know not how any longer to hearken to the voice of a stranger.—(John x. 5.) And if the successor of their beloved minister contradicts, from the pulpit, what they have been accustomed to hear from the desk, they are grieved and disconcerted. They now hunger and thirst for righteousness, and must have suitable food. And if they cannot have it at church, they will often separate from it, and pro-

* Secker's Charge.

vide a pastor of their own, who shall feed them with the truth. For their attachment was rather to the doctrines than to the walls of the church: though still they have a predilection for the church, and leave it with regret. They do not forsake its principles, but only withdraw from those who have forsaken them. I do not see how this can be prevented, unless proper men be found or sought,—men who love the truth, and who dare to preach it.”

The writer feels himself interested in this subject,—not only on account of his friends at Farnham, and of others whom he knows, but also on *his own* account; as it reminds him of scenes through which himself has passed; when, a few years ago, he also saw it his duty to leave the church. He hopes he loves good men, altho' they may think differently from himself in non-essential matters; and is happy in the friendship of some pious and respectable clergymen, whom he wishes success in preaching the gospel of our common Lord. But, at the same time, he begs leave to say, that he has never once repented that he became a dissenter; nor has he a wish to be otherwise. “*Errare possum; hereticus esse*

* Memoirs of the Life of the Late Rev. William Grimshaw, of Haworth, in Yorkshire; by the Rev. John Newton; in Six Letters to the Rev. Henry Foster: pages 104 and 105.

nolo." The Church of Christ is in fact but one; to which all *real* Christians belong. "By the Church" (to use the words of Dr. Knox, in a late publication), "I wish to be understood all those who are united to Christ by the Holy Ghost; wherever they dwell, and by whatever *denomination* they are distinguished."*

After this digression (if it be one) we return to Mr. Savage. The summit of the wishes of the good people of Farnham Chapel was gained, when, on April the 7th, 1797, "their eyes saw their teacher" solemnly and publicly ordained over them to the pastoral office. On this happy occasion, the following ministers engaged in the solemnities of the day. Mr. Taylor, (then) of Godalmin, introduced the work by prayer, and reading a suitable portion of scripture. The Writer of these Memoirs delivered a discourse on the scriptural idea of a church, and the nature of ordination among Dissenters; and also the questions usual on such occasions. Mr. Savage delivered his views of the gospel-ministry, and the confession of his faith, in a humble and most affecting manner; remarkable at once for neatness of language and

* Dr. Knox's *Christian Philosophy*, 3d edit. p. 180, note.— It gives peculiar pleasure to many, to find the Doctor employ his shining talents so *rationaly* and so *piously* as he does in this valuable work, so answerable to its title.

spirituality of motives. Mr. Douglas, of Reading, engaged in the ordination-prayer. Mr. Bull, sen., of Newport-Pagnell, delivered an affectionate charge to the ordained minister, from II. Tim. iv. 5.—“But watch thou in all things, endure afflictions, do the work of an *evangelist*, make full proof of thy ministry.” Mr. Wilks, of London, preached to the people on their appropriate duties to their pastor, from Deut. i. 38. — “Encourage him.”—And Mr. Yockney, of Staines, concluded the service with prayer. The hymns, sung on this occasion, were given out by Mr. Bull, jun., of Newport-Pagnell.

Some time previous to his ordination, an event had taken place, of so much importance in his life, and contributing so much to his happiness,—that it must not be forgotten in these memoirs, that, in his marriage with Miss Elizabeth Chandler, he met with a partner in domestic life, in every respect worthy of such a man.

Our history has now brought us to the opportunity of congratulating the good people at Farnham, in having an excellent young minister settled among them; after all the perplexities they had met with, since they had withdrawn from the established church. We had to congratulate the minister in succeeding to the accomplishment of his wishes, in devoting himself to the honourable

honourable office of preaching the gospel of Christ.—We had to congratulate two as happy persons; as, perhaps, ever were “heirs together of the grace of life.”—The people thought themselves highly blest in having such a pastor. The neighbouring ministers and churches were happy in having so valuable a neighbour: and not small was the pleasure which the writer of this biography enjoyed, in being honoured with the friendship of so worthy a brother. “He was a burning and a shining light; and we were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.”—Ah! how short was that season!—

“Bliss! sublunary bliss!—proud words, and vain!”

It has already been observed, that Mr. Savage suffered much from the anxiety of mind, which the thoughts of entering on the ministry produced. Before he had been led to think of such a profession in life, his strength and health of body were firm; and he had scarcely known what pain or sickness were. But, in consequence of the remarkable solicitude of mind occasioned by his new prospects, he became subject to a most distressing pain in his head; which frequently unfitted him for his studies, and afterwards hindered him in his work in the pulpit. His health was hereby undermined; and

and perhaps it may be said, that the cause of his future complaints, if not of his consequent death (subordinate to the pleasure of an all-wise God), was laid in his great anxiety to promote the honour of Christ and the salvation of souls. The ministry of the gospel is "not a cause of small import," as some seem to imagine, who engage in it with such apparent unconcern and unfitness. How many are there who remind one of the lines of Cowper:—

"The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again."

But so did not Mr. Savage.—He was more like *Chrysostom*; of whom it is said, that, "when he was ordained to the ministry, he had such notions of the duties incumbent upon him, that he told his friends, he thought his soul would have been torn from his body."—He had something of the feelings of an apostle, who exclaimed,—"Who is sufficient for these things?" When he first came to Farnham, it could hardly be said, that he was in health. It appeared to some that he was not likely to be long in the land of the living. The hopes of others were, however, greater than their fears; and it would have been cruel to have damp'd the fond expectation of those, who were so much interested in his perfect recovery,

covery, and continuance in life; especially as it occurred to our minds, that "nothing is too hard for the Lord."

Having entered on his work, he preached with great acceptance to his flock, and with considerable usefulness to several. If there were not many added to their numbers, as a congregation (which was sometimes a cause of grief to his mind), there were some, however, who attribute their conversion to his ministry, under the grace of God. Others have been united together in Christian love, and established in the truth and experience of divine things. The church has been built up with "living stones," the ornaments of their profession; whose growing light and steady walk were matter of the greatest pleasure and thankfulness to their honoured pastor,—his "hope, and joy, and crown of rejoicing." If there were any that did not receive advantage from his labours, or slighted his ministry, it is to be feared they have only themselves to charge with blame. What degree of guilt may lie on the conduct of some, in grieving the spirit of so excellent a pastor, and thereby injuring his health (as we learn from some of his letters*), is best known to Him who knows all things. But the deceased was of a forgiving temper;

* See Letters, xx. xxi.

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he pitied and prayed for those who were seduced from the truth;—and so do we.

That he was very earnest in his desires to promote the glory of God, and the salvation of souls, was evident in his public prayers and ministrations. The devotional exercises and sermons of this “messenger of grace” were peculiarly solemn, fervent, and affectionate. It was difficult to hear him pray, without being much affected by the holy and heavenly pathos with which he expressed himself,—the genuine dictate of a divine “unction” upon his heart. But this sacred fire did not burn only upon the public altar of the sanctuary; it was the same in his family, in his study, and in the closet. He studied the word of God with meditation and prayer. His “heart indited a good matter,” in order that his “tongue might be the pen of a ready writer.”—This, however, did not always furnish him with a sermon; nor indeed in every instance, with even a fixed text; for, sometimes, after having used the necessary application, he was obliged to go to the pulpit, trusting simply in Him who is “a very present help in time of need.” On these occasions he used to recollect, without being an enthusiast, the words of Christ:—“It shall be given you, in that same hour, what ye shall speak.” He was therefore in general resigned; and considered them as
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means the Lord was pleased to use, to teach him more experimentally his own insufficiency, without divine assistance.—— If Methodism be described as “godliness without order,” our young evangelist was far removed from the charge; for he was studious, and the friend of regularity and order. There was method in his public discourses; and perhaps few young ministers preach with more connexion, or with greater propriety of language, than he did. However some divines, who may have *order without godliness* in their sermons, if they do not even “read what they never wrote” may think it strange, there are excellent and even learned ministers of the gospel (in the established church, as well as out of it) who know the heart of a minister at those seasons, when he finds himself unable, with all his application, to prepare a sermon for the pulpit: and they know how to sympathize with the young minister of Farnham. Let them, however, do as this young brother did; for he went from the throne of grace in his closet to the pulpit, and from the pulpit to his closet again, to pour out his heart in prayer and praise; like one who indeed

negotiates between God and man,

As God's ambassador, the grand concerns

Of judgment and of mercy.”

It is an observation of Archbishop Leighton, that "prayer is the better half of a minister's whole work; and that which makes the other half lively and effectual." "*Bene orasse est bene studuisse.*"—The intervals between public worship he spent in meditating on the scriptures, and in reading a portion of some spiritual author, especially *Flavel*; by way of catching some of their spirit, as a means of warming his own heart, and preparatory for his work in the pulpit. He preached in the morning and evening of the Lord's-day in general, and on a week-day evening; as his health did not often admit of further exertion.

Not only publicly did Mr. Savage preach, but also "from house to house;" for he used to set apart one afternoon in the week, for the purpose of visiting such of his flock as he could, at their own houses; having previously, at home, prayed for a blessing on these visiting opportunities. Another afternoon in the week was appropriated to seeing those, at his own house, whom he could not so conveniently visit. He had a memorandum-paper, to record some circumstances of these occasions, inscribed with these words:—"Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks."—(Prov. xxvii. 23.) He was indeed a *bishop*, in the true sense of the word,—*ἐπισκοπος*, "taking the oversight of the flock;

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not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind"—(1. Pet. v. 12.); while, at the same time, "the labourer" was "worthy of his hire."

The advice of Paul to Timothy,—“Take heed unto thyself,” as well as “unto the doctrine,” was eminently followed by Mr. Savage; for he was very attentive to personal religion; as was evident to all who had any acquaintance with him. From the time of his first setting out in the divine life, there is reason to believe, that he was enabled to maintain a close walk with God; and from his diary it appears, that he kept a regular account of all that passed in his mind, respecting the various and gracious dealings of God with his soul, and the different exercises of his spirit in secret and family devotion. The sermons which he heard, with the texts and preachers, and the particular frames of his mind on those occasions, were also noticed in these daily records.*

His life and conversation were truly pious and exemplary; as he was very conscientious in the strict observance of every thing that tended to promote his own spiritual welfare, or the glory of God in the good of others. Secret opportunities for reading, meditation, and prayer, were greatly prized by him, and

Mr. S. left a request, that others might not peruse his diary:—the greater part of it is written in short-hand.

regularly

regularly sought. He used all the means in his power, that himself and his family might "keep holy the sabbath-day;" endeavouring to regulate his conduct and conversation by that comprehensive passage in Isaiah lvi. 13. — "If thou turn away thy foot from the sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the sabbath a Delight, the Holy of the Lord, Honourable; and shalt honour him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words." —

His general deportment was easy, genteel, and pleasing; his conversation serious, devout, and edifying;—he "opened his mouth with wisdom; and in his tongue was the law of kindness." He discovered a mind deeply impressed with a sense of the presence of God: and it was most evident, that to know the will of the Lord, and to do it, was the supreme desire of his heart, and the governing principle of his conduct. Where the path of duty was in any degree doubtful, he discovered great anxiety of mind, lest he should not act according to the will of God, or should dishonour his Christian profession. Such a person was exactly suited for Farnham: his amiable deportment conciliated the esteem of many; and even the enemies of religion began to be ashamed of their opposition and their prejudices.

He was a dissenter from the external forms of the national church, from principle and conscience. "I have been led" (says he, in his ordination-papers), "uninfluenced by others, to exercise my ministry among dissenters; as judging their mode of worship and church-government to be most agreeable to scripture simplicity."—But he was no bigot; for *he* also had joined to celebrate the "funeral of bigotry;" nor was even "the ghost of bigotry" permitted to haunt his own liberal and catholic spirit. It would have been more for his peace and comfort, if the same could be said of all whom he knew, and of some that were around him. He loved good men and goodness, wherever he could find them.—"Let us leave others" (says he, in one of his letters), "with the Lord; and let us aim to have a single eye to the glory of his name. This will make us rejoice in the prosperity of Zion at large: and even should the interest of religion amongst our own sect fall into decay, we shall still feel matter for praise, if amongst others it more eminently appears to flourish. Probably you may think this sentiment carries a presage in its contents; but, believe me, it is not intended to be conveyed. Indeed, should the *storm rise higher than it has*, as Christ is in the ship it will ride secure; and should he appear to be 'asleep on the pillow,' earnest entreaty may soon bring him to our aid."

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He was solicitous to promote the knowledge of Christ in village-preaching, by his occasional labours, as far as his health and opportunities permitted. The village of Crondall was especially indebted to his services, in conjunction with other neighbouring ministers. Many will long recollect, with a painful kind of pleasure, the excellent sermon which he preached, at the opening of a new place of worship in that village, June 5th, 1798, from II. Cor. v. 14.—“For the love of Christ constraineth us.” The solemnity of his manner, the importance of his subject, delivered with such earnest affection, and by one who appeared almost as likely to step into a grave as into a pulpit, reminded us of Mr. Baxter’s advice to a minister; of which indeed it was an affecting exemplification,—to “preach as a dying man to dying men.” The approbation and remark of so worthy and venerable a minister as the Rev. J. Barber, of London, who was engaged one part of the day, addressed to our young evangelist, as he descended the pulpit, deserve to be recorded. After expressing his approbation of the discourse, like another “elder, unto his well-beloved Gaius,”—“I wish, sir” (said Mr. B.), “that your body were in as good health as your soul.” There were some then present, who thought it probable they might never hear the preacher again; and so, alas! it proved in the event!

From the few short extracts that have been given from his papers and letters, the reader will form some idea of his spirit and manner of writing. These are but as the gleanings of a grape or two, from a rich and copious vintage.—If his style of language did not flow with the most familiar ease in all his letters, there was what the serious reader will more esteem;—there was a peculiar flavour of religion, that edified his correspondents. His pen, as well as his lips, ministered grace unto others; as he seemed to have adopted Mr. Hervey's rule,—“*Nulla epistola sine Christo*,”—that all his epistles should have something of Christ in them. The writer of these memoirs has been favoured with the perusal of a considerable number of his letters; which, while they have afforded assistance in compiling this sketch of his life, have left many useful impressions upon his own mind: and he is certain that, while they portray the excellent private character of their author, they would be highly gratifying and profitable to many others. A few of them have been selected; and are added to this little work. But the reader will make proper allowance for the imperfect manner in which some of them may appear, by recollecting that they are only a few posthumous papers, written in private friendship and affection, to those who would not be expected

to bring them to public view. Fragments, however, as some of them are, perhaps some readers will discern the broken pieces of a valuable gem; and will approve of our gathering up such fragments, that they may not be lost. The last effort of his pen was the interesting obituary of his good friend Mrs. Moth, written Aug. 11, and inserted in the Evangelical Magazine for October, 1798. The very same number of the magazine announced Mr. Savage's *own* departure into the world of spirits! — Thus, while we record the deaths of our friends in the annals of mortality, we ourselves are dying. The hand that now writes, must soon drop the pen, and moulder in the dust.—

"We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink,—and *are* what we deplore.
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot."

For a few preceding summers, Mr. Savage had gone to Margate for some weeks; as a likely means, through a divine blessing, of establishing his health; and he generally found the journey beneficial. Having now, for some time, gradually grown worse, it was judged expedient that he should again visit that place in August. The prayers of

• See Letter xxii.

his

his affectionate flock were daily ascending to Him, who hath the key of life and death; that he would be pleased to restore their beloved pastor to his health and to them. Relatives "wrestled with the Lord" on his behalf; and especially did the trembling petitions of his partner, with a dear infant in her arms, assail the throne of mercy. *Hec, non ita creditum!* The blessing that had only been *lent* for a while, was now to be resumed.

This part of our narrative brings us to very interesting and sadly-pleasing scenes; and these scenes rendered still more affecting, from the circumstance of their being described by the pen of one, who had (as Dr. Young expresses it) the

———"dreadful post
Of observation! darker every hour!"

As soon as some alleviation of grief permitted, the sorrowing widow herself traced back the painful history; and has recorded it for our instruction. It is hoped the serious reader will not be weary with our subject, if these memoirs should be somewhat lengthened, by our transcribing the following account, from papers written by Mrs. Savage; as it would be injured by being abridged.

"For about five or six months past, I observed a difference in him, of which I am assured he was unconscious, — a manifest growing

growing detachment from all earthly enjoyments,—a constant guard against every thing that might tend to rivet his affections to things below. If, in the fondness of imagination, I looked forward to the time when the dear little boy should begin to speak and walk,—and anticipated the pleasure his father would receive,—he checked me with affectionate seriousness, that filled my mind with presentiments of some approaching trial. His chief concern was to know the *real* state of his own soul. When we were alone, his converse generally turned upon the desirableness of coming to an assured, scriptural, and well-grounded hope of an interest in Christ,—the happiness to be derived from it, and the necessity of living out of ourselves, and more entirely upon the fulness there is in Christ. He spared no pains to obtain these blessings; was very close, constant, and particular in self-examination; and, for greater satisfaction on this head, wished me to read the bible through, at the same time with himself; and each of us separately to remark every passage we thought might be considered as an evidence, by which to try ourselves. We had scarcely begun this, when his heavenly Father was pleased to put *his* everlasting happiness beyond a doubt, by receiving him to Himself.

“He

“He preached his two last sermons on the 12th of August:—in the morning, from the two last verses in Jude:—“Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory, with exceeding joy; to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen.”—And in the evening from Mark iv. 29:—“But when the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle, because the harvest is come.”—

The next day, as we were preparing to leave home for Margate, as he was putting on some of his clothes, he burst a blood-vessel: the blood flowed so fast into his throat, as very nearly to choke him. The surgeon expected every moment would have been his last. In this distressing situation, he afterwards told me, his mind was greatly confused; a sort of terror seemed to cover him; he thought himself dying; and all his concern was to know where he was going;—nothing else occupied his thoughts. He remarked how personal a thing death was! Just at this critical juncture, the Lord graciously appeared for him; (to use his own words) he was enabled to look upwards with confidence in God, and found immediate relief, both in soul and body. He directly thought of me; and turning to me, with a look

look expressive of affection, and desire to comfort me, he said, 'God is all-sufficient, my love!' From this time his mind continued calm and resigned. By the goodness of God, he was so far restored, as to leave home in a few days, thinking it right to use the means of health. He bore the journey better than I expected, and we reached Margate on the 20th of August. He continued the same for a day or two,—then was seized with increasing shortness of breath, and grew evidently worse. Dr. Lettsom saw him on sabbath, the 26th, and following day; but gave us no hopes of his recovery. The doctor's opinion did not at all affect Mr. Savage;—he was only desirous that the will of God might be done.

"On the Tuesday or Wednesday evening, after conversing a little with his uncle and me about his situation, and the insufficiency of every thing short of *real religion*, to support the mind in dying circumstances, he remained a short time silent,—then spoke in a low voice, as if in prayer,—addressed God in the endearing relation of a father,—then repeated a verse from Dr. Watts:—

"If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
 Death hath no sting beside:
 The law gives sin its damning power;
 But Christ, my ransom, died:"

with

with other verses, mostly from *Lyric Poems*, which I could not remember.—He appeared to feel great comfort and happiness, in considering Christ in the character of a Mediator. Referring to the covenant of grace, he said, with much apparent pleasure,—‘Yes: Jesus is the Mediator of the New Covenant;’—enlarged much on the *nature* of the covenant of grace; noticed particularly the work of each person in the sacred Trinity,—with the glorious harmony of the whole. This led him to speak of the firm foundation laid in Zion for the Christian to build his hopes upon;—expressed the solid satisfaction he *then* experienced, from having a well-grounded hope of his interest in the salvation of Christ. All this was spoken with such wonderful clearness, fervency of spirit, and exalted tone of voice, as conveyed, to our minds, ideas which *mere words* are insufficient to express.—His will was sweetly lost in the will of God. Whatever would most promote His glory, seemed his soul’s desire.

—“The next day, Thursday, his mind continued in the same happy frame. He suffered much from bodily weakness, and extreme shortness of breath; but bore it with the greatest resignation. He slept often during the former part of this day;—spoke sometimes of the wonderful love and condescension

descension of his God and Father. In the evening, he entered into conversation with his uncle; mentioned some things in his own past experience; pointed out the great necessity there was for Christians to avoid even the *appearance* of evil,—and strictly to watch against every thing in their own conduct, that might prove stumbling-blocks to the weak and feeble; exhorted us, in a very evangelical way, to live near to God, and to seek the promotion of his glory,—the only way in which happiness could be expected. He had very little rest, and grew still weaker.

“Friday morning, he supposed he should not live long; and often asked my opinion, but without the least appearance of impatience or anxiety. In the forenoon, he strove all he could to comfort me; intreated me to look up to God, to submit to his heavenly pleasure, and to have my mind prepared for whatever was his blessed will; entered into many particulars respecting myself and child in future life, if the Lord should see fit to take him from us; mentioned many suitable and encouraging passages of scripture; and begged me, with the greatest affection and earnestness, to pray for resignation.

“As I sat by him in the afternoon, his mind seemed greatly raised: he said, “I
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have

have a glorious prospect before me, of unknown, inconceivable happiness:’ then asked for his uncle, who came in about ten minutes; but he said he had then lost what he had intended to say. His breath grew increasingly short: his uncle staid some time, in hopes he would recover so as to speak,—but he continued unable till evening; when the Lord was mercifully pleased to renew the same blessed frame of mind to him, and an ability to speak. I was alone with him at first;—his uncle and aunt soon came. He addressed himself to me, in the most tender and affectionate manner; repeated two texts of scripture:—“Thy Maker is thine Husband; The Lord of Hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel” (Isa. liv. 5.);—and, “a Father of the fatherless, and a Judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation” (Psa. lxxviii. 5.). He enlarged upon both, in a way so consoling and animating, as I hope never to forget, though I cannot describe. He then prayed, with great fervency and enlargement, for me and his dear child; afterward said, ‘O! my Betsy! we shall meet again; indeed we shall: Look forward, then, my dearest love, to that period, when we shall meet to part no more for ever.’ And though he loved us with an affection perhaps seldom equalled, he was enabled

enabled to commit us to the care of his heavenly Father, without the least fear or distrust. He knew well that the promises were exceeding great and precious; he believed too that they were all "yea and amen in Christ Jesus." He remembered that he had trusted in his God, and found him faithful to his word; and could therefore, from his own blessed experience, "set to his seal that God was true;"—with holy, happy, and unshaken confidence, he left us in his gracious hands; and then addressed his uncle and aunt (for whom he had a very great regard) separately, with particular affection; spoke to them suitably, as to character, experience, situation, and future prospects:—then desired the three servants might be called; spoke to them individually, with a striking difference,—but what he said, I have since learned, was pertinently adapted to each; in a solemn tone of voice desired them to consider what was spoken as from the lips of a *dying man*; adding, that he fully expected to enter on eternity *that night*. Then, as if fearing any thing should be left unsaid, he delivered, with great clearness, accuracy, and judgment, what might be called *an epitome of the bible*;—began at the fall of Adam; explained it; together with the sad consequences, in the total depravity of all his posterity; pointed out particularly

ticularly the way of salvation by Christ, as provided by a gracious God, and springing from his unmerited, inconceivable love; then went on to describe the certain and everlasting happiness of those who were really interested in this great and glorious salvation; and also the inevitable and eternal destruction of those who were not; then, raising his voice, repeated three times, "He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned" (Mark xvi. 16.). After this, he exhorted all to live a life of faith in the Son of God, and to use "diligence to make their calling and election sure;" then, looking at me, he said, "My dearest love, remember me tenderly to the dear people; tell them I love them, bear them upon my heart, and pray earnestly that God would send them a pastor after his own heart. But tell them, as my *last advice*, that, if they would have a man whom God will approve, be with, and bless, they must individually give up their own private interests or wishes, and all seek the general good." (This was much upon his mind; he often repeated it to me afterwards.) He then prayed for them; and said it had always been his desire and endeavour to build them up, and not to pluck them down; and he hoped they would be kept together, in the unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace.

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—The above is the *substance* of what he left with me for the people as a church; though I could not remember all his words. He then concluded, by telling the servants they might leave the room; he had said all the Lord had given him; and was now desirous to wait his pleasure. I would here remark, what a wonderful display of the almighty power of God was manifested, in his being thus enabled to speak, without any inconvenience, for *nearly the space of two hours*; when, but a little before, he could not speak at all, and for some days had found it painful and difficult to converse.

“Saturday morning, he expressed his surprise to me, at finding himself still in this world, saying, ‘he had very much depended on leaving it the last night.’ I observed, with pain, an alteration in his countenance; seeing me weep, he said, ‘Don’t grieve, my dear love, when the Lord is dealing so graciously both with my body and soul;—rather rejoice;—rather give thanks.’ At another time, he said (seeing his uncle and aunt come into his room), ‘they were not with me on my marriage-day, nor on my ordination-day; but they may be with me on my *dying-day*, and that will be my *coronation-day*!’

“On seeing his mother, who came to Margate that day, he expressed great thankfulness, that they were again permitted to see

each other in the flesh ;—told her, he wished she had been there the last night, as the Lord then gave him an ability to speak : she asked him if he had not a word for her ;—he then spoke a few suitable words. The Rev. Mr. Gould called on us ;—Mr. Savage asked him to engage in prayer and praise.

“ In the evening, though his bodily sufferings increased, the joy he felt in his soul was greater than he could express ;—he said, ‘ I am *very happy*,—I am going to be with Jesus.’ his night was again restless. In the morning of the sabbath, he told me, that he had been looking out of the window, wondering where heaven was ; he could not tell, he said, but it was where Christ was.

“ He used all the arguments he could, from the word of God, from our mutual past experience of his goodness, and from the supports others had found, to bear me up, and comfort me, under this heavy affliction. When I was enabled to tell him, that I was made willing to submit to the will of God, and I hoped I felt entirely resigned to it, the satisfaction his countenance expressed was very great ; and, in strains of gratitude and praise, he thanked his God and Father, for this renewed instance of his kindness : then reminded me, that “ as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people ;” adding, “ Go on, my dearest love, in the path

path of duty; and God will be with you in a way of happiness.

"Towards evening, he asked for a bible, and Watts's hymns. Finding himself unable to speak much, he turned down several passages of scripture, and verses of hymns; and gave me to understand that they were then the blessed experience of his soul. I recollect the following;—"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory. My flesh and my heart faileth; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever" (Ps. lxxiii. 24, 26.); and, "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him" (I. Cor. ii. 9.); these two verses from Watts,—

"Jesus! the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms!
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,
If Christ be in my arms.

Then, while ye hear my heart-strings break,
How sweet my minutes roll!
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
And glory in my soul!"

He afterwards referred me (for my own comfort) to Heb. xiii. 5.: "for he hath said, I

* Hymn 19, book i.

will

will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;—
and also to the lines,—

“Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love.”

He then spoke of the sabbath, and the assemblies of the saints; and exclaimed, ‘O that I might, if it were the Lord’s will, begin an eternal sabbath this night. Into thine hand I commit my spirit; thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth! Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.’ He frequently asked his mother, if she thought him in dying circumstances; but would then say, ‘The Lord knows;—all things are possible with him. I may yet live, and declare the salvation of God. I would not choose for myself. His will be done.’

“On Monday morning, he breathed better; his mother, thinking this a favourable circumstance, was greatly cheered by it; but he, not supposing there was any material amendment, and fearing that *my* expectations would be raised only to be disappointed, said, ‘We must leave it entirely with the Lord; we shall see the issue in *his own* due time; my dear Betsy, pray for resignation.—O Lord, here I am; do with me as seemeth good in thy sight. Let me not have a wish to live, unless thou seest it good; nor a desire

desire to die, if thy glory may be promoted by my life. God dealeth with me as a father with a son,—a son whom he loves, whom he pities, whom he remembers, and whose frame he knows is but dust. I am only fearful, my dearest, lest these *appearances* of being better should cause you to feel a different spirit. Look more to an unchanging God, than to these variations.

“In the evening, he conversed some time with his uncle; reminded him of the past experience he had had of the Lord’s peculiar favour, as an encouragement to go forward and trust him still. Referring to the letters he had written to his uncle, he told him that he had his *Cardiphonia*,—they were all *from the heart*; mentioned one in particular, written under a peculiar sense of God’s presence; also one to myself, written after reading Dr. Owen on the Person and Glory of Christ.

“Tuesday, he was kept in calm submission;—said, ‘I desire not to have a single thought about the issue of this illness, but leave it entirely in the hands of my God, my Father, and my everlasting Friend:—God be with you, my Betsy;—O live to the Lord.’ At another time,—‘I am as a wonder unto many; but the greatest wonder to myself:’—repeated some sweet poetry on the preciousness of Christ, which I cannot recollect. Feeling a sense of the Lord’s good-

goodness,—‘What a poor creature I am!—Lord, what is man!—How wonderful, that I am so helpless, and yet so regarded!—O my love, the Lord has done great things for us; but the greatest are all to come,—yes, they are.’ Raising his eyes towards heaven, with a look of expectation, he said,—

“Soon shall I hear my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, for I’m the way.”

then turning to me, ‘O, my Betsy, I have loved you very tenderly; but I must part from you now to love and be with my Lord.’

“On Wednesday, he expressed himself sensible of increasing weakness of body, and at times of a stupor of mind. This led him to thankfulness, that he had now nothing to do but to die; saying, ‘he would not have to seek salvation then for all the world; but, weak as he was, no weapon formed against him should prosper.’ He again repeated his desire to have no will of his own, but a meek and resigned spirit.”

“In the evening, he addressed a friend, who called to see him, in these words:—

‘You are come to see a sick friend, probably a dying friend; and, I am sure, a real friend; assuring him of his past regard for him. He

spoke much of the glory of Christ, and of his people, and of the wisdom and goodness of

God,

God, in causing all things to work together for the good of his people; concluding with a short exhortation, and with prayer that God would enable his friend to receive what he had said, and add his blessing. He grew worse after speaking, and suffered much during the night,—the violence of pain making him restless, though he never complained. Finding it increase, he said, ‘This will not do, *John Savage*; patience must have its perfect work.’

“In the morning, he was rather easier, and prayed for grace to glorify God in the agonies of death; that he might not murmur nor repine, but in patience possess his soul. ‘In the Lord,’ he said, ‘have I righteousness and strength;’ then spoke of the glory connected with this blessed portion,—adding, ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul! The Lord keep me in a waiting posture.’ After being helped out to the side of the bed, and having seen his uncle and aunt, expressing his thanks for all the kindness shown him, he afterwards thought he saw children in the room, and pointed to me five different places, in each of which he saw one;—(these, perhaps, were angels rendered visible, commissioned to carry his happy spirit to the regions of eternal bliss!) Then raising his eyes upwards, said, ‘My God shall supply all my wants,—all my suffering wants,—all my bearing wants.’

Then

Then, reclining on one side, he appeared to be asleep; but we soon discovered it was the *sleep of death*!—to wake no more on this side eternity!—He sweetly breathed his soul into the arms of his beloved Saviour, without a groan or a sigh;—leaving a blessed testimony behind him, for the comfort and encouragement of those who are left to mourn *their* loss, while they would rejoice in *his* everlasting gain!

Thus has the pen of the bereaved widow described the affecting, but blessed scenes, of her very dear and excellent partner's departing moments. The writer has been favoured with another paper, written by the kind uncle of Mr. Savage; in which he had minuted many of the foregoing particulars, and a few not recorded by Mrs. Savage. After having given the above account it may not be necessary, to add any more circumstances, except the concluding part of the uncle's paper.

"Thus blessedly died in the Lord" (says he) "my dear nephew and christian friend and counsellor, on Thursday, Sept. 6, 1798, at one o'clock in the afternoon, aged only twenty-three years and five months. His dismission from sin and sorrow, was sweet indeed. He had lived a *life of prayer* for a will ever to be resigned to his blessed Lord's will; and, in this "sickness unto death"

death," the Lord manifestly gave him most gracious answers this way; and so favoured him with his special presence, that not *one* doubt was suffered to assail him from first to last. We took his dear bereaved partner from his breathless body, which she kissed, and without a murmur was led into the next room, and there laid for some time, almost as much a corpse as himself.

"From this dear relict I learn more and more of my dear nephew's uncommon trust in the Lord. He forgot nothing of her situation, or the dear babe's; yet had not one anxious concern on his mind respecting them. This was not insensibility, but blessed submission, and unshaken faith. I do not once recollect to have heard him mention his, or rather *her* temporal affairs to me. I just slightly said, one day, I hoped to transfer my friendship to her, when he was gone; and his mind seemed perfectly at ease. He never even mentioned this to her, till the morning he died.

"He thought of all his friends, and of his flock; and spoke to her concerning them. The numberless instances of the blessed state of his mind are truly admirable; and I would adore the Lord, for this amazing display of the divine power of the religion of Jesus."

His remains were interred in the church-yard at Margate, on Monday, Sept. 10,
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attended by the Rev. Messrs. Townsend, of Ramsgate, Lewis, of Margate, and Gould, of Stratford,—being occasionally at Margate. Mr. Gould preached a funeral sermon, at the Rev. Mr. Purchase's Meeting, Margate, the following Lord's-day, from one of the passages which the deceased had mentioned, as expressive of his own blessed experience in his views of death, from I. Cor. ii. 9,—“But, as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.” The Rev. Mr. Wilks, of London (an intimate friend of the deceased) preached a funeral discourse at Farnham, to a sorrowing flock and a crowded congregation, from Ps. xvii. 15,—“As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness: I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.” And the Writer of these Memoirs endeavoured to improve the loss of so valuable a neighbour, friend, and brother, by two discourses;—one to his own congregation, at Basingstoke, from II. Sam. i. 26,—“I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me;”—and the other at Crondall, on the 24th of September, from II. Cor. iv. 7,—“But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.”

Having

Having thus "marked the upright man," in the steps of his exemplary life; and having seen that "his end was peace;"—having attended the remains of his mortal part to the grave; and having followed, as we could, in our thoughts, the disembodied spirit to the immediate presence of his God—where he walks,

"High in salvation, and the climes of bliss;"—

it is now time to make a solemn pause, and to meditate on the affecting scenes at which we have been present. What do we think of the things which we have seen and heard? Are they not very important, and most interesting? What would the reader have done, if death had visited him, or her, as he did our departed friend? The true believer in Jesus (if such the reader be) would have looked to Him for help and salvation; and he would not have been disappointed in his hope. But, perhaps, there are few who have their "lamps so well trimmed," or are so "ready to meet the bridegroom, when he cometh" at so early an hour, as was our lamented brother. Dear reader, what art thou doing? How is it with thy soul? Remember, there are some, who, though they bear the lamp of a profession, like the foolish virgins, may have the oil of true religion to seek, when the cry is made, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh!"—O that

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the careless (if any such should peruse these pages) may be led to reflect,—and reflect to some good purpose. O thou merciful Spirit ! cherish the rising conviction that may be produced in the mind ; and let it issue in lasting benefit.—Who, that reads, will not be ready to say, “ Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his ? ”—or to exclaim, with the poet,—

“ *Life ! take thy chance ;—but O for such an end !* ”

Let it, however, be recollected, that Mr. Savage *lived the life*, as well as *died the death*, of the righteous. And, from what has been written, it will not be disputed but that he was a good man. The writer is, indeed, almost afraid, that some may be inclined to think they have been presented only with the best views of the character of the deceased ; and kindly to attribute the favourable representation to the partiality of friendship. Faithful biography should bring forward the *whole* of the character that is delineated ; otherwise it can scarcely be called an exhibition of the man. Accordingly, some biographers have dealt faithfully with their subjects, in bringing to view imperfections, as well as excellencies, when *there were* evident imperfections to record. But there have been men (a *happy* few !), who were blameless in their conduct, in the view of their fellow-creatures ;—not
only

only of their friends, but even of their enemies; those who were of the contrary part having no evil thing to say of them. Such men ought all the ministers of the gospel especially to be, according to the *canons* of the New Testament.* Such a man was the excellent Rev. Mr. Grimshaw; according to the interesting Memoirs of his Life, just published, by one who would not, in this respect, have bestowed eulogiums where they were not due. And such a man was the late Mr. Savage. As to his being *perfect*, we disclaim the idea. The best and the holiest are still imperfect, and, in themselves, poor, sinful creatures; and therefore they feel abased, in the sight of a holy God. But divine grace has changed their hearts; this "grace of God, which bringeth salvation," hath taught them, not only "to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts," but also, "to live righteously, soberly, and godly, in this present world." And perhaps there has been but here and there a man, young or old, who could have said with more justice and propriety to his hearers, "Be ye followers of me, as I am of Christ."—Like Demetrius, he had a "good report of all men, and of the truth itself;" "yea, and we also bear record;" and many

* I. Tim. iii. 1—7. Titus i. 6—9.

"know that our record is true." If any thought otherwise, it was only, as in the case of Daniel, "concerning the law of his God."

W. Bull. It may not be improper, in this place, to insert the testimony of others respecting him. That from the pen of his tutor is peculiarly pleasing and honourable:—"I doubt not" (says he) "but he will be long remembered at Farnham, and Newport too, with every sensation of regret, affection, and love. His name will never occur to my recollection, without exciting the most lively feelings of veneration and esteem." Another testimony, from a letter written by one of his own flock, well qualified to judge of ministerial character and worth, may also be inserted.—"The sad event [of his death] has deeply cast down and filled many hearts with sincere mourning. We are not amongst the number of the least afflicted. We knew our dear friend well. Every feeling of his excellent mind we knew, besides partaking in common of his faithful and affectionate labours. We always thought the Lord had bestowed upon us a great blessing, and we valued him highly,—but now most highly. Now we more fully see the extent of the kindness of the Lord, in lending us for a time his dear child and faithful servant."

But will any pronounce our deceased friend a mere enthusiast, and attribute his
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extraordinary views and joys, in religion and in death, to wild flights of a warm fancy? Will they think they have sufficiently accounted for these things,—and still triumph in their title of *Rationalists*,—by assigning him a place among “the canting tribe of *Vital-Christianity Men*?” *—Yes, verily, his Christianity was of the vital kind. It was a *living* principle in his heart; and it discovered its blessed effects in his life and death. And the time may not be far distant, when the sneering, self-named Rationalist may be glad to share in the blessed hope of the Vital Christian:—“Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out.” We have heard of the dignity of rational religion (falsely so called) in the article of death; but we do not wish to know any thing of it in our own dreadful experience. We would not insult over the wretchedness or insensibility of those who will not be beholden to the justifying righteousness and atoning blood of Christ, for their acceptance with God;—nor are we yet willing to throw away that gospel, which we have been taught so highly to value. When we stand by the dying-bed of our Christian friends, who have

* This fine flourish of words is from a paper, under the appropriate signature of *Libertas*, in the *Monthly Magazine* for January, 1799; p. 29.—Mr. *Wilberforce*’s excellent book on *Vital Christianity* does not suit our *Libertines* in religious sentiment.

been

been "quite happy" in the views of eternity, and have rejoiced in the prospect of being with Jesus,—we see the solidity of the foundation on which we have built our hopes. We indeed shed the tear of grief, when our friends die; but we bless God that they died so happily;—we are encouraged to put our trust in that Saviour, who can afford us also the same "bliss," amidst all "the pains of dying."

We will not waste our time, nor our breath, nor our ink, in arguments with sceptics and infidels, to prove the truth of the great doctrines of the gospel; but we will take them, if they will go with us, to the chamber of the dying believer. There, there is demonstration irresistible:—only we recollect, it is the heart, more than the head, which wants conviction: their case needs "the demonstration of the Spirit and of power." O that the Spirit of God may effectually convince and convert the tribe of Rationalists, who have *their* cant also ("*vox, et præterea nihil!*"), into truly rational Christians. Nothing is too hard for the Lord.

But there are readers, who may peruse these pages, who will admire, with us, this pleasing instance of the power of the grace of God; and, who will be ready to exclaim, while they have beheld the dying saint,—
 "Let us also go, that we may die with him."

They

They will exclaim,—What is the world, and all its lying vanities, when compared with the awful, blessed realities which religion and faith present to the view of the real Christian. Let who will affect to despise vital Christianity, they know its worth and its necessity. They “know whom they have believed,” and, from this happy instance, they are still more “persuaded,” that Jesus is “able to keep” their souls, which they “have committed” to his trust. Henceforth, say they, shall religion be the “one thing needful” in life;—and living near to God, in a life of prayerful devotion, be the chief wish and employment of our hearts. Let us “give diligence to make our calling and election sure;” for “so shall an entrance be ministered to us abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.”

A very young man,—just settled in life, but newly entered on his Master’s work,—amiable in private character,—beloved and useful as a minister,—blest with an affectionate partner, and a dear infant!—And does *he* sleep in death? Yes, *our friend* sleepeth:—“*Multis ille quidem flebilis occidit!*” But the Lord may do what he will with his own. Let us “be still, and know that he is God,” who does all things well;—not only a Sovereign, but wise and good in all his dispensations.

sations. And let us pray to the great Shepherd of the sheep, that he would supply the vacant pulpit with another pastor, according to his own heart,—a pastor like him whom he hath taken to himself, to feed the now bereaved flock with knowledge and understanding.

How instructive is the voice of this event to all,—to his flock,—to his relatives, and friends!—Especially to the young; and to young ministers most of all! May we all be concerned to improve the affecting dispensation. How suitable, and how *prophetic* too, is the following sentence from one of his own letters, written about two years before his death; and let each of us make it our own;—“Repeated monitors around urge me to work while it is called to-day. Ministers are dying;—some scarcely entered upon their labour: and *who knows but my stammering tongue may soon be silenced, and my head laid lower than the dust!*”

In the heavenly world, “the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.” They need not the “frail memorial” which the hands of friendship and love yet wish to raise to their honoured names. However, “the memory of the just is blessed” in this lower world; and therefore, as a testimony of their great respect to the memory of so beloved a pastor (whose remains are deposited

posited at a distance), the sorrowing flock intend to erect, in their chapel at Farnham, a small, neat tablet of marble, whereon to inscribe the name of the late REV. JOHN SAVAGE; who will long live in their remembrance, and in the affection of their hearts.

Let the reader, but especially let each of his flock, of his relatives and friends, who may peruse this imperfect history of his life, when they lay it down, say, with another child of sorrow,—

“I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to Wisdom;”——

And let this be the fervent prayer expressed on the solemn occasion,—“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom;” while the writer, joining with them in the sacred service, and mingling his prayers with theirs, begs leave to present this little offering at the shrine of Friendship and Devotion; not only as a memorial of his respect to the name of so worthy a departed brother,—but also as a feeble attempt to assist them in the happy aim of following so pleasing and so dear an example.

HIS SALTEM ACCUMULEM DONIS.

THE SAVAGE LETTERS

[illegible]

SELECTION

MR. SAVAGE'S LETTERS.

LETTER I.

I RECEIVED your letter, and thank you for all the kind contents.

And now, dear —, as you have taken up a profession of the religion of Jesus, permit me to address you, though in a very imperfect manner, upon that important subject. I would entreat you seriously to inquire, whether you have ever been convinced, by the blessed Spirit, of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and the wretched depravity of the human heart by the fall? And by this are you brought to acknowledge, that, both by nature and practice, you are a sinner against God, and justly merit his everlasting displeasure,

pleasure, and eternal banishment from his blessed presence? Do you feel that you are not able to deliver yourself from that curse which hangs over your guilty head, as a breaker of the divine law; which is holy, just, and good, and extends not only to actions, but to the very thoughts of the heart?—That any thing you have done, or can do, will never recommend you to the favour of an offended God; who is of spotless purity and immaculate holiness; who will by no means clear the guilty, or pardon the sinner out of Christ? Are you convinced that your own righteousness is indeed but as a filthy garment, and that you are altogether unholy and unclean?—Because, if you have never been thus savingly humbled by the influence of the Holy Spirit, you will not feel your *perishing* need of Jesus Christ, to save you from the curse due to sin, and from its reigning power in your heart. Oh think not, dear —, that what I have now written is meant to discourage you in any measure; but, as many are deceived with a false hope,—being, through the deceitfulness of sin, and the insinuations of the grand enemy of souls, led to believe they are made alive, when, alas! they have but a name to live, and are spiritually dead, being totally ignorant of the plague of their own hearts,—I thus write. And having an ardent desire
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for the safety and welfare of your soul; I am constrained further to add,—Rest not satisfied, till you have felt so much of your helpless condition, as to flee for refuge alone to Jesus Christ, the Friend of Sinners; who is ever able and willing to save the vilest of the vile, that feel their need of him. Now, if you are really brought to the feet of a dear Redeemer for life and salvation, and are seeking rest in him, for your poor, weary, sin-sick soul,—let me lead you to a blessed promise, made by Immanuel himself, quite suited to such a situation:—“Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest.” I would entreat you to use every mean, which our compassionate Saviour has been pleased to own and bless, for the enjoyment of this rest. Go to the Lord in the ordinances of his own house; wait, at that gospel pool, for the troubling of the water by his Spirit; read and meditate much on his blessed word; and especially go to a throne of grace, opened for access by redeeming love, and sprinkled with atoning blood; pour out the desires of your heart there, and say,—Lord, thou hast promised to hear when sinners call upon thee. Thou hast said thou wilt regard the cry of the destitute, and not despise their prayer; and I am come, a poor, burthened, unworthy sinner, because thou hast graciously

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promised.

promised to give rest to such.—Be not discouraged, if you do not immediately find an application of this promise; but remember, “the vision is yet for an appointed time; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.” Hear also what the dear Redeemer says:—“Ask, and it shall be given; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.” Therefore go on seeking, using all the means of grace; and, in the Lord’s own time, he will be found of you, to the joy and comfort of your soul.—Permit me to say, that this has been the experience of many of God’s dear children; who have been convinced, humbled, and brought to seek after the Pearl of Great Price, but have for some time sought him sorrowing, at least without knowing their interest in his pardoning love. But when the set, the appointed time of the Father was come, the promise has been no longer delayed; then have they been enabled to see and feel their interest in that finished salvation, wrought out upon Calvary for the chief of sinners. The Lord has said unto them,—“Son, daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven thee.” Should you, then, be kept in darkness, as to your enjoyment of the favour of the Lord, and labouring under doubts and fears respecting your interest in Christ Jesus,—think
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it no singular case ; but remember, for your encouragement, that many, who are now in glory, have been thus exercised while in this wilderness-world. Now, if you can really lay claim to any of this humiliating experience, only recollect how it came about. If you had been left to yourself, you would still have remained unconcerned and thoughtless about the salvation of your soul, and ignorant of your need of a better righteousness than your own. You would still have been rebelling against God and his truth ; and have seen no excellency in that religion, which lays a poor sinner low at the feet of Jesus, crying for mercy and salvation. But, if the Lord has been pleased to begin this good work in you, by humbling the natural pride of your heart, and by destroying the enmity of it against his blessed self, as well as making you willing to receive pardon and salvation in his own way, and on his own terms, by mere grace,—take it for an evidence that you are set out aright ; and remember, He who has begun this good work, will perfect it unto the day of Christ. I would now say, how full the word of God is of promises for the encouragement of such convinced souls. And permit me to mention a few of them. The Redeemer has said, that “he will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax ;”—a sweet emblem of his ten-

der care, and compassion for such souls. Though faith, love, and every other grace of his blessed Spirit, may in them be justly compared, for weakness, to the bruised reed; and, for danger of being totally extinguished, to the smoking flax; yet he will strengthen that weak faith, and light into a flame that love, which is hardly become a spark; for he despiseth not the day of small things. He has also been graciously pleased to say, whom he loveth, he loveth unto the end; that his sheep shall never perish, neither shall any be able to pluck them out of his hands. And the Lord will ever be faithful to his promises, for the safety of his people; as he will be to his threatenings, against the finally impenitent, and despisers of his gospel. Read the testimony of dying Joshua to this, in his last exhortation to the children of Israel:—
“And, behold, this day I am going the way of all the earth; and ye know, in all your hearts and in all your souls, that not one thing hath failed you, of all the good things which the Lord your God spake concerning you; all are come to pass unto you, and not one thing hath failed thereof.” The Lord is also engaged, by an everlasting covenant, to save even the meanest and weakest of those that belong to him. O that the promises of God, which are all yea and amen in Christ Jesus, and that covenant confirmed by the oath

oath of God himself, may animate you to press forward in the narrow path, against all the opposition you meet with from a deluded world, a tempting devil, and a corrupt heart; so that you may, at last, for the dear Redeemer's sake, be everlastingly happy in the presence of the Lord, where is fulness of joy, and at his right hand, where are pleasures for evermore.

I would now observe, how mistaken the world in general are, in their opinions of the people of God; when they imagine the religion of Jesus tends to make them melancholy, gloomy, and unfit for every thing else; — while the subjects of it are indeed the *only* people who have any solid ground for joy and comfort. They are possessed of a joy which a stranger intermeddleth not with; and have comforts in believing which the world knows not of. By faith they can look up, and view a God in covenant on their side, engaged to be their Guide and Guard unto death. They can look forward to an approaching dissolution, with this confidence, that, when absent from the body, they shall be present with the Lord. And they can look to a day of final recompence, and see themselves stand with acceptance on the right hand of God, being clothed in the perfect righteousness of Jesus Christ their Saviour, imputed to them through faith. But what different prospects
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those have who are ignorant of these inconceivable mercies! They are indeed the people who have reason to be sorrowful; because, while here, they are an abomination in the sight of the Lord; and living and dying strangers to Christ and the power of his gospel, they must assuredly find that scripture true, which says, "The wicked shall go into everlasting punishment."

How different also the duties of religion, to those who are the subjects of grace! They enter upon them as their greatest privileges; breathing after the Lord's gracious presence, to bless and do them good. While those who know nothing of these blessings, view them as mere tasks imposed, and vainly think by them to merit the favour of God. But how are such deluded! And with what drudgery they pursue a round of duties, quite destitute of that life or comfort, which those taught of God feel and enjoy!

I am fully persuaded, the more the religion of Jesus is known and experienced in truth, the more it will be attended with a consistency of conduct, in every situation of life; and with a resignation to the will of God, in every trying dispensation,—which that only can produce. O that you may be delivered from a trifling spirit with these important realities, and not rest satisfied with mere speculative notions of them! For remember, that
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this religion will not have these influences upon you, unless it please God to give you a saving experience of its power upon your heart;—which, may you be enabled to cry mightily to him for, and obtain, for the infinite merit's sake of the exalted Redeemer; and to his name be all the praise!

I hope to hear from you as soon as convenient; and, committing you to the care and favour of a compassionate Saviour,

I remain

Your affectionate

JOHN SAVAGE.

LETTER II.

TO

London, Sept. 15, 1792.

WITH the sincerest pleasure I embrace the present opportunity of attending to your request, in the papers lately received from you; and cannot forbear expressing the thankful emotions which arise in my breast, on reflecting what will now be the nature of our correspondence,—that of being useful (by the Lord's blessing) in promoting each other's

other's spiritual welfare. When you review a few past years, it may probably lead you to think, with me, how different would it be, had the Lord yet left us in the state we then were. Our aim could at most have only been the promotion of our temporal happiness. I trust the thought affects our minds in some suitable degree; as it surely calls for the greatest exercise of unfeigned gratitude and love to that God, who, in unmerited and unsought-for mercy, has not left us still to stumble on the dark mountains of ignorance and error; but has, I trust, shone into our benighted minds, with the light of his Divine Spirit, and taught us to seek true happiness, where it is alone to be found. This blessed work being begun, let us take every opportunity of communicating to each all that may prove comforting, establishing, or in any way profitable to us. That this end may be promoted, let me frequently know how the Lord is leading you on; and though I cannot always answer your letters immediately, yet do not let that prevent you from writing as often as possible.

I believe not only you, but every one taught of God, would equally despair, if their best duties were to be the ground of their comfort. Alas! the imperfections of our most holy services are such as require the atoning blood of Jesus to pardon them. I cannot wonder

wonder at your always wishing for such a frame as you describe to have been in, when reading those books you mention. But we sometimes desire that which the Lord sees best we should not have. Perhaps, if you always enjoyed comfortable frames, spiritual pride would soon prevail. The Lord grants such seasons as tokens of his love; not designed for us to rest in, but to encourage us to go forward. I would here caution you against resting your state in the different frames through which you may pass; as it has often proved matter of great discouragement to me. When I have been blessed under the word, and my soul, in some measure, alive to God, I have then thought I was sincere, and in the right way. But on the contrary, when my soul has been dark and dreary, and every comfortable feeling gone, I have imagined I was only a hypocrite, and that my past experience was a mere delusion. I am, however (through mercy), persuaded, such conclusions are unwarrantable, and likewise dishonouring to God; as he loves his people with an everlasting love, and is equally theirs when he hides his face, as when he grants them the light of his countenance. And these very fears, and uncomfortable feelings, prove that spiritual life is imparted to the soul. I mention this, as probably you may know something of it, as
 you

you advance in the divine life, if you do not at present. I observe what you say respecting your experience, and what you wish to be done. I would advise you first to speak to your minister; lay before him your intention of joining his church; and tell him what you can of the Lord's dealings with you. If, after the first interview, he recommends you to deliver in your experience, without any further conversation with him, write it; or let what you have sent to me go, but by all means in your own hand-writing. And, as the Lord looks not at the excellency of composition, surely his people ought not.

Being desirous to communicate my thoughts on this subject to you as soon as possible, I for the present conclude

Your affectionate

LETTER III.

TO

London, Dec. 6, 1792.

I SINCERELY ask your pardon for being so long silent; but it really has been unavoidable; and therefore trust you will excuse

cuse me. Your letter gives me great comfort; and I should have replied sooner, had it been possible. Having now an opportunity so to do, I would humbly look to the Lord, so to direct my pen, as that what I now write, may, by his blessing, prove profitable to you. I feel myself inclined to attend particularly to that part, where you complain of darkness, doubts, and fears; also how busy the enemy is, to make you believe you are not a child of God, and have only attained to a little head-knowledge. These are exercises, to which all the world, except the people of God, are utter strangers. And permit me here to observe, mere head-knowledge never lays the soul as in the dust of self-abasement and self-abhorrence; consequently cannot endear the Saviour, or make his salvation precious to the soul. This work is only effected by the influence of the Holy Spirit; and, blessed be his name, I am persuaded he has begun it in your heart. And though you will meet with opposition from within and without, the Lord will perfect his work in you, and make you at last more than conqueror over every enemy. It will perhaps appear strange to you, when I observe, many of those things which we are apt to conclude militate against our belonging to God, are real evidences that we do. You seem to be discouraged, because the

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grand adversary of souls is so busy with you. Be assured this is an infallible truth, that those whom he cannot destroy, he will attempt to distress. And when that scripture receives its accomplishment (recorded in Isa. xlix. 24, 25.), namely,—“the prey shall be taken from the mighty, and the lawful captive shall be delivered” (which it does, when any sinner is brought out of nature’s darkness into God’s marvellous light, and delivered from the bondage and tyranny of Satan), we cannot wonder that the enemy then uses every effort to destroy the comfort, and, if possible, the soul of the redeemed. But, blessed be the Lord, though Satan is mighty, he is not *almighty*; and though an enemy, yet a *conquered* one; and can never go greater lengths than the Lord is pleased to permit. And we may well rest assured, the Lord will never suffer him eventually to destroy the meanest or weakest of his flock. Therefore do not think, because the enemy thus distresses you, that you are not a child of God; as it is one evidence that you are. I much approve your intention of reading particularly the blessed word of God. It is indeed calculated, above every other book (because divine in its original, and therefore infallible in all its parts), as a mean to promote a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, and to increase the life of God in the new-born soul.

soul. I trust your reading will be attended with much prayer, added to a humble dependent frame of spirit on the Lord's teaching. And may he be pleased so to bless his own word to you, as that the promises it reveals may afford you comfort and support; and the precepts it contains, be observed as your rule and walk in life. The observations you have already made, and which you favoured me with, are very pertinent; and the passages you allude to, very precious. I hope for a continuance of them when you write.-----With respect to that passage of scripture you mention, as tending greatly to discourage you, in becoming a partaker of the blessed ordinance of the Lord's Supper, I have to remark, many learned divines understand the term there used, to imply nothing more than *present* damage or hurt; and, from its connexion with the other parts of the chapter, that appears to be its real meaning. This exposition of it relieves the mind, in great measure, from the very painful anxiety such a passage otherwise might produce. But even admitting it implies *all* that is expressed, it can only be applicable to those who partake of the ordinance before-mentioned in a trifling or hypocritical way. And I would add, for your comfort, *such* characters never feel any of those godly fears relative to this ordinance, which you describe

yourself as the subject of. I trust, dear —, this important ordinance has been matter of much prayer and self-examination on your part; that it will be entered upon in the fear, and attended with the approbation, of the Lord to your soul. I can assure you, I feel no reserve whatever, in encouraging you to go forward in it; as I humbly conceive, where the grace of God is truly implanted in the soul, though in its weakest and most immature state;—evidenced by a real love to the ways and people of God, together with a sincere desire, under the influence of the blessed Spirit, to walk in newness and renewedness of life;—*such* characters are invited to partake of every ordinance that may tend to further them in the divine life. And I trust these are evidences, which, through the mercy of God, you can lay humble claim to as your own; and that your heart is filled with gratitude to the Lord on this account. May you therefore be enabled to go forward, and experience your spiritual strength to be abundantly renewed, and your soul brought to a more intimate union and communion with the Lord.

I shall expect soon to hear from you; and though, as I hinted in my last, I cannot answer every letter, yet write as frequently as possible. And should your mind be burdened at any time, do not conceal it. The

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Lord is not confined to instruments; but can direct even a worm so weak and unworthy as myself, to something suited to your feelings and case; which, you may depend, will ever be communicated. Committing you to the care and guidance of the blessed Jesus, I remain

Most affectionately yours

LETTER IV.

London, Feb. 21, 1795.

BOTH your letters, with the papers, &c., were duly received by me; and I should have been happy in an opportunity of acknowledging them sooner. I would sincerely rejoice with you, in the gracious manifestation of pardoning love and mercy, which the Lord has been pleased to grant you in so rich a degree; and, while you are the happy recipient of such amazing love, may you be enabled to give him all the praise.

You are indeed highly favoured of the Lord, and have been blessed with such wonderful enjoyments as are very rare in the re-

ligious world. And happy am I to see; that while you are thus distinguishingly favoured, the Lord is pleased to keep you low at his footstool; and enables you still to depend on him, for every supply of grace you stand in need of. Do not be surprised, dear —, if, after such amazing joys, the Lord should see it needful to call your faith to some peculiar exercise.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper is indeed a truly blessed one, when our hearts are in any measure affected with that bleeding, dying love we are there called so particularly to commemorate; and especially when the love of Christ is fixed abroad in the heart, and applied by the Holy Spirit, in all its peace-speaking efficacy, to the soul. I would bless the Lord who has enabled you to partake of it, and granted you his presence in it. May he continue to smile upon your soul, in this and every ordinance. And while you are going forward from duty to duty, may you also go from strength to strength, and be changed from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.

I would by no means attempt to damp your zeal for promoting the glory of God, among those whom you are intimate with; but would entreat you to beware, lest your good should be spoken evil of, from a want of that affectionate spirit we are too apt to lose

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fight of, when attempting to persuade our fellow-creatures of the folly and madness of their conduct. Let us ever remember who has made us to differ; and let all our endeavours to do them good be in the spirit of meekness and love. And, above all, let us take their cases to the throne of grace, and plead with our God in their behalf; knowing, for our encouragement, he is able to save to the very uttermost.

I desire to praise the Lord for enabling you to glorify him by a perfect resignation to his heavenly will, under every trial and affliction. May patience have its perfect work; and may you endure all, as seeing Him who is invisible; remembering that our Divine Master drank deeply of the same bitter cup, and has declared that in this world his people shall have tribulation. Happy will it be for us, under every trying dispensation, to look forward to that eternal rest which the Lord has prepared for them that love him; where sin, and its inseparable attendant, sorrow, will be for ever done away; where the wicked will cease from troubling, and where the weary soul will be eternally at rest. Realizing views of our glorious inheritance, with the Lord's supporting presence, will greatly tend to make hard things easy, and bitter things sweet.

LETTER

Reviewing

Reviewing the Lord's gracious dealings towards us all, I cannot forbear adopting the language of a hymn, which says,—

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

I will now, as you request, add a few lines relative to myself; and then I must, with regret, conclude. I find Wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness, and all her paths to be paths of peace; my happiness to be made up in a near and close walk with God. And only as I am living by faith on the blessed Jesus, depending on him for all I need, am I preserved from the ills of time, and dangers of the way. I have often fears within, and fightings without; but have reason to say, the Lord has helped me hitherto, and will, I trust, be with me unto the end.

Believe me

To remain affectionately yours,

LETTER

LETTER V.

TO HIS MOTHER.

*Newport-Pagnell, Feb. 24, 1794.**My dear Mother,*

I DULY received yours of the 15th inst. In my letter to my dear uncle, I meant to express my sense of the little improvement I had made from the company of my dear relatives, and the privileges I enjoyed while in town. I trust, dear Mother, we are cemented by the dearest possible ties,—ties of affection, which nothing *here* will dissolve; and those indissoluble ties of the gospel, which even death itself cannot separate. Under all our painful feelings, therefore, arising from the distance we are, or may be, separated from each other, let us be enlivened and animated with the thought, that *we have an eternity to spend together*, where sorrow and sighing will be for ever done away; because sin, the cause of them, will be entirely removed; and where our blissful employ will consist in ascribing praise to Him who sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever. May we therefore take down our harps from the willows, and begin that glorious song while
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here. And though many jarring and discordant notes may attend it, let us look with triumph to the wished-for period, when all imperfection will be removed, and when we shall join in it in the highest and most perfect strains. I cannot but often reflect how far the people of God live below their privileges: they are exhorted to rejoice in the Lord at all times; not only when on the mount of enjoyment, but also when in the valley of trial and desertion. But, alas! how seldom is this the case! At least, when I look within, how frequently do unbelief and fear prevail; and, either directly or indirectly, the faithfulness of the Lord is called in question. It is our mercy that Jesus is the Great Physician, and that he has promised to heal all our spiritual maladies; and I believe I shall have something or other to be cured of till the day of my death.

I have reason to be very thankful that my cough and breath are much better, since I left town; and I hope, through the Lord's blessing, as the spring advances, my health will be established. Pray for me, that the Lord may strengthen me both in body and mind for the arduous work, to which, I trust, he hath called me. It is indeed no light matter to preach the gospel of Christ. When I reflect on its awful importance, I cannot but exclaim,—“Who is sufficient for these things!”

things!" May I ever be kept sensible of my own nothingness; and be led to see that my sufficiency is all of Christ:—and O that he would use me as the honoured instrument of promoting his glory in the salvation of souls; and so out of the mouth of a babe and suckling ordain praise.

I must now conclude, by committing you to the care and keeping of the blessed Jesus; and may every blessing he has to bestow, be yours increasingly to enjoy.

Yours most affectionately,

LETTER VI.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Newport-Pagnell, May 6, 1794.

Dear Mother,

—YOU will, no doubt, suppose that I have been called out to speak in the cause of Jesus, since I returned here; and may wish to know how I have been exercised. I must indeed say, that the Lord has been better to me, in some instances, than my fears; and greatly supported me. Though I have been very much distressed in looking forward to preaching, and

and sometimes much more so afterwards,—yet I have reason to bless the Lord for such painful exercises as these; as they have shown me more of my own nothingness; and, when I have found liberty, have taught me to give the glory to whom it was due. What I would be the most thankful for, is, that I have had reason to hope the Lord has been pleased to own his word, however wretched I have been in delivering it; and that last sabbath-morning, when I was speaking in the vestry, one man was particularly blest and set at liberty. Notwithstanding this, I often feel great discouragement in my mind; and fear lest the Lord should not be with me. I hope I desire to have a single eye to the glory of the Saviour, and that his kingdom may be set up in the hearts of men. I would lament that I can say so little for him, who has done so much for me; and that I burn no more with zeal for his glory, and love to poor sinners. O wrestle hard for me, for I stand in great need of it.

I left off writing this letter, which I began last night, to hear a funeral sermon, which Mr. Bull preached for one of his members, who died last Friday. She was worshipping with us last Thursday evening,—on Friday morning taken ill,—and before noon a corpse! O how anxious should we be to improve every opportunity; for we know not how soon may
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be our last. And what a mercy, if the means of grace here are blessed to fit us for the kingdom of glory hereafter. I never find it better with me, than when I am enabled to walk with death before my view, and realizing an eternal state. It makes me look down with indifference on things below, and fills my soul with holy comfort and delight. I trust we shall one day shout, with the apostle, — "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." —

Yours in the sincerest affection

LETTER VII.

TO MR.

Newport-Pagnell, May 12, 1794.

I DULY received yours; and take the earliest opportunity of dropping a line to you. I can truly sympathize with you in the painful experience of languor and deadness; having known much of it myself. But can I say, — Be content in such a frame? No: I cannot. I believe we may generally trace the rise of these painful feelings back to some departure of heart from the

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the Lord, or neglect of some appointed means of grace; as the Lord never withdraws his presence without a cause; and too frequently *that* exists with us. 'Tis an awful proof of the remaining depravity of our hearts, that the things of this world have such an influence upon us, as to make us unmindful of, or indifferent about, the important concerns of eternity. And yet, alas! how much is this the case! Did we live under the impression of that truth we profess to believe, that "this is not our rest," we should walk something more like strangers and pilgrims here. And were we more frequently to meditate on those glories that are above, and realize what God has prepared for them that love him, we should look down with holy indifference on things beneath, and view them in something of their true light. I never find it better with me, than when I am enabled to walk with death and eternity before me; and when I can enter upon a day, as if it were to be my last. I have sometimes wondered at myself, that I find no more love to that Jesus, who has done so much for me, and who is in himself The Altogether Lovely! And I have thought it must proceed from the little experimental knowledge I have of him; as there is such a glory in his person, character, and work, as to make him, where he is truly known, exceedingly

ceedingly precious. I believe we lose much of our comfort and happiness, by not honouring our blessed Saviour more, before the world; as we find him declaring, that those who honour him, he will also honour. And we shall ever find conformity to the world to produce similar effects to that of the Pilgrims turning aside into Bye-path meadow; it will make the eye of faith dim, and cause the hand of faith to tremble. And I may add, that by it our fears will rise high, and the life and comfort of religion sensibly decline in our souls.

I can truly say, that, since I received your letter, my poor prayers have been offered up on your behalf; and may I indulge the hope, that ere this you have experienced a gracious revival. It is a pleasing reflection, that tho' we, like the moon, often wax and wane, yet the blessed Sun of Righteousness is ever the same; and he remembereth us in our low estate, because his mercy endureth for ever. We cannot be too dull and insensible for the Lord to quicken us; and he often does it when, and by what means, we least expect. "The Lord, whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to his temple;" and "then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord, that his going forth is prepared as the morning;" and he shall return unto you as *certainly* and as *freely* as the latter and former

rain unto the earth. Perhaps the Sun of
 Righteousness may already have arisen upon
 your soul, with healing mercy beneath his
 beams; and turned your heaviness into joy.
 But be that as it may, we are encouraged to
 wait, and expect his gracious reviving in-
 fluence, in the way of his appointment. I
 sincerely pray, that you may experience the
 blessedness of a near and close walk with
 God; which nothing here can compensate
 for the loss of; and that you may obtain a
 holy triumph over every opposition. I hope
 the indisposition of your mind will not, any
 more, prevent your writing; as I have fre-
 quently sat down to write to you, with my
 mind as dark as possible; and have often
 found, that, while writing, it has all been
 expelled.

Believe me

Yours in the dearest bonds of affection

LETTER VIII.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Newport-Pagnell, June 2, 1794.

My dear Mother,

YOURS of the 18th ult. gives me great
 comfort. Happy am I to see the steady faith

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you are enabled to exercise in a dear and precious Saviour; and the blessed enjoyment of his presence you are favoured with in your soul.

The life of faith is truly a difficult though simple thing;—nothing less than entirely coming out of self, and living wholly upon Jesus, for pardon, sanctification, and redemption. The more simple and uniform this is, the more solid peace and happiness we shall enjoy. In the course of my experience, I have often wanted to have something of my own to bring to the Lord, and not always to come as a poor guilty sinner. With this view, holiness of heart and life has sometimes been aimed at; and perhaps the reason why it has been so little attained, has been because I have sought it from wrong motives. I am, however, brought to understand something of the apostle's meaning, when he glories in his infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon him; and am content to be nothing, that Christ may be *all in all*. I find nothing like living with Christ by the day;—receiving a supply for all my wants from his fulness; and get no greater comfort from any thing, than the declaration of the apostle,—“*Ye are complete in him.*” And when I can simply look to Jesus, then, and only then, am I animated in the important and arduous work before me.

I was called, a few days since, to witness a most blessed instance of the power of faith, and the support that divine grace afforded a poor, afflicted, dying woman, whom I went to see; and who has been brought through uncommon scenes of trial and sorrow, since she has known the Lord, which has been about thirty years. For many months she has suffered the greatest pain and affliction; and is now reduced to a mere shadow. She is enabled to exercise the most vigorous faith on her blessed Lord; can praise him for all she meets with; believes all her afflictions are in mercy, to answer some valuable end; and looks forward to her daily-expected change, with comfort and delight: though desiring to be with Christ, which she knows will be far better, yet quite willing to stay as long here as will be for the glory of her Saviour. Such is the death-bed of a Christian! And may we be enabled to leave the like testimony behind us, of the power and love of our blessed Saviour.

Never forget me at a throne of grace. Be earnest with the Lord that a blessing may be upon me; and be assured of my sincere tho' unworthy requests for you.

Yours in the bonds of the dearest union

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LETTER

LETTER IX.

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, July 18, 1794.

My dear Mother,

I HAVE had reason to raise another Ebenezer to the Lord, for bringing me to this place in safety and comfort; and for finding my dear uncle and aunt in the enjoyment of health. Indeed mercies are constantly flowing to me, far more and greater than my cold heart is sensible of. O that gratitude was felt any way equal to them! I found my way pleasant on the road; and though I rode without company, till my dear uncle met me within a few miles of town, yet in some part I never was much less alone. I could not help reflecting a good deal on my late visit amongst you, being attended with circumstances so different from any before; and I have only to lament that I said no more for the honour of the Saviour. I shall attend to what you wished me, concerning frequent preaching. But surely you cannot desire me wholly to lie by and rust. I hope ever to find strength equal to my day; and I trust to do so whenever following the leadings of the Lord's providence and Spirit. I have no wish

wish to stay here any longer than the Lord will make me useful for his glory. I pray to be enabled to adopt the words of my blessed Redeemer to my heavenly Father:—"I have glorified thee on earth;" and when I can adopt the succeeding expression,—"I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do,"—then welcome my departure hence, and that act which will remove me beyond every fear. I have been led much to reflect on the things which are not seen; and they have created in me a desire to depart. But yet I cannot wish it a moment before the Lord has fulfilled in me all the pleasure of his will.

I have no better wish for you, than the constant presence of the Lord, and an increasing meetness for his kingdom.

Yours affectionately

LETTER X.

TO MR. B.

Newport-Pagnell, April 15, 1795.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE to inform you, that, through mercy, your wishes concerning me are in measure

measure granted. Better health of body, and, I believe, of soul also, is enjoyed, than when I last addressed you. Had I added, at that time, that I was looking forward to preaching on the next sabbath, perhaps you would have pitied my case the more. And could you have known that a birth-day was spent in fruitless search and mourning for a subject; and that, though a sabbath's *sun* early saluted my waking eyes, the same *sad gloom* still overspread my mind;—your prayers for me at a throne of grace that morning would have received additional earnestness, from the greatness of my necessity. And why should not *your* faith in an unchanging Saviour be also strengthened, when I can inform you, that the same day my heart was set at liberty?—and that, in the morning of it, at *P—*, my lips proclaimed the joyful language of the church, as recorded by Isaiah, ch. xii. 1. You will perhaps wonder, that the subject of delivering mercy like this, should again call in question the needful support of so faithful and compassionate a God; yet, were I to tell you all he feels, it would amount to more than a fear that he shall yet be left and forsaken of the Lord. Others indeed seem to think that some great work is appointed for me in the vineyard of Christ. But 'tis easier for them to imagine this, than for me to believe it. And sometimes I am
ready

ready to conclude I must give up my work as abortive, and shrink from that service I feel so totally unfit and unqualified for.

Perhaps I know a little what Mr. Newton means, when he compares the ministry of the gospel to the book eaten by the apostle, in the Revelation; yet its bitterness I would willingly endure, could I but believe the Lord would use me for his glory. But this is the subject of my fear. You may probably tell me I give no just reason for my fear; if I am not able to point out the grounds, I can only say, I am assured of the fact. I trust my desire is to win souls to the kingdom of the Saviour; but because my heart is no more affected with this melting work, is the matter of my frequent complaint.

After all this, you may reasonably conclude I have but little heart to undertake the journey to Plymouth. Indeed, the view of it sometimes makes me tremble. And, if I am carried through it, I think even *Satan* himself will not be able to persuade me, that any thing short of the power of the Lord has been exerted on my behalf. Yet I dare not desert my colours; nor, like *Jonah*, fly from my work. Who can tell but the event may prove, that, having nothing in myself, I may yet be really the possessor of all things.

Yours truly

LETTER

LETTER XI.

TO HIS MOTHER.

London, May 19, 1795.

My dear Mother,

EMBOLDENED by a hope of the Lord's gracious support, I have ventured thus far on my journey to Plymouth. If you have been low on my account, you have only been weeping with one that has mourned. But yet we must not despair of your hereafter joying with one that rejoices. If but one trophy of victorious grace should be added to the Redeemer's train, through the means of my intended journey, it will amply repay the severest conflicts; and make amends for the sharpest pains I may experience in the engagement. Who can tell but Jesus may thus honour the weakest, that the excellency of the power may more eminently appear to be of himself.-----My first sabbath there will be what is called Whitsunday. Should it prove a Pentecost-day, it will be a mercy indeed. I trust you will plead with Him, who alone can make it so to us; and whom you are privileged in addressing as your Covenant God and Father. My stay will be either less or more than six weeks, as

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I find my health, and as I am enabled to go through the work of the Lord.-----We all unite in real regard.

Yours

LETTER XII.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Plymouth-Dock, June 22, 1795.

My very dear Mother,

-----I KNOW not whether you prayed the Lord, that, in order to my usefulness, I might feel distress; but this I find, that the way a blessing has been granted, has been through the fire. I have been called to some as peculiar exercises of mind since here as ever I experienced; and have thought, both before and after preaching, I must never preach again. Perhaps these have been needful; and if the Saviour is but glorified by them, why should I complain?

[*Here he mentions particular instances of usefulness.*] These are some tokens for good, which have supported my soul, fainting under the pressure of accumulated trials; and make me hope I am not forsaken of my God. I trust

trust my visit has already been for the glory of the Saviour; and I believe it will be protracted a month longer than the six weeks. The work is great, but I have found strength equal to it; and I hope that I know something of Paul's meaning, in Phil. iv. 13; which I preached from last Tuesday evening. My health is better than when I came here; and the sea-air agrees with me; so that, notwithstanding all my fears and pains, I think we must agree to bless our God together.

Yours

LETTER XIII.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Newport-Pagnell, Dec. 14, 1795.

My very dear Mother,

I HAVE been waiting some time, that I might inform you how I was likely to be disposed of, the ensuing Christmas. I had hoped to have spent a few weeks in town, to enjoy the society of my dear and Christian friends, as well as those opportunities of hearing a precious gospel, which I often look back upon with pleasure and regret. But Providence seems to be otherwise disposing of me; and

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it is probable that, in the month of January, I shall be called to display the banner of the cross to others, instead of sitting beneath that banner myself. By a second letter which I have received from Farnham, it appears to be my duty to spend the month of January there; and if it will be for the glory of the Saviour, I must be content. However, if the Lord permits, I intend to be in London by Christmas-day: I shall then have about a week there.

Sometimes, when oppressed with fears within and fightings without, I am ready to say, with the Psalmist,—“O that I had the wings of a dove,” and could haste to the place of repose! But I remember my days upon earth are appointed; and my conflicts too; and that I must first fight in order to conquer. With respect to an eternal state, I am frequently led to connect the weighty suspicion,—“if the righteous scarcely are saved;” rather than the joyful expectation,—“an abundant entrance shall be ministered.” And yet, if this latter implies much conflict and danger;—and alludes to a vessel, that, making its way through the watery deep, has to weather out many a cloudy night,—has to encounter many a tremendous storm, and to oppose many a powerful foe; and yet after all, with its sails wide expanded, safely enters the desired port;—why may not I expect

pect that my bark, piloted by a hand divine, shall be born along the deep. And, *because* it is now so often tossed with tempests and not relieved, that it shall one day, with an abundant triumph, enter the wished-for haven?

I have to tell you that, through mercy, my cough has been better of late. I ride out as often as possible, and find benefit from it. I hope we shall welcome the approaching season, and that the Saviour will bear the title of *Immanuel*,—"God with us." Give my best respects to our Christian friends; especially my helpers in the ministry, Mrs. H— and Mrs. J—. Tell them I miss their lectures; and should be happy in opportunities of sitting at their feet. I hope they aid me by their prayers, though I have not the benefit of their converse. To the care of Jesus I commit you till we meet; and, when we do, may it be under his smile.

Yours affectionately

LETTER XIV.

TO HIS UNCLE.

Farnham, Jan. 11, 1796.

Very dear Uncle,

YOU have my first epistolary hour; and I feel a pleasure, at this moment, that

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paper can communicate what converse can-
 not always impart. We are too far distant
 to talk, but we can easily exchange ideas.
 Let us then put our hands to the work; and
 as occurrences are sometimes interesting, let
 me give you one I met with by the way.
 The day on which I came down, was like
 many a scene in life. In the morning,
 bright without a cloud; but afterwards, how
 gloomy! And it seemed well to illustrate
 the character of a passenger in the coach.
 Before I entered it, a plain man pointed me
 to a young woman walking along the bar of
 the inn; and accosted me, by saying,—
 “That’s my daughter;—one of the liveliest
 and brightest girls in my family, a few years
 ago; but now returned from Y——, quite
 melancholy.” Nothing more passed till din-
 ner-time; when, on her declining to get out
 to dinner, the father repeated his speech, ad-
 ding,—“she had been waiting-maid to a
 lady of title; and her gloom must be oc-
 casioned either by love or religion.” The
 latter appeared to me to be the case; and,
 before we parted, I got an opportunity to put
 a question to her, which satisfied me on that
 point. She appeared under deep concern of
 soul; and expressed her concern by saying,
 “There was no hope for her.” I felt myself
 interested; and the more so, on finding that,
 in the place where her father lived, there was
 no gospel, nor any known serious person for
 miles.

† A mistake. “I can communicate by paper, but I cannot
 always impart by converse.”

miles. A good woman, who knows her mother, has given her an invitation to—*them*, for the benefit of serious company and converse. Thus the Lord hath his hidden ones, where we least expect it. And there may be opportunities of doing good, in every circle we mingle with.

On the morning of the first sabbath in the year, I planted the gospel standard with this motto,—“In the name of our God we will set up our banners,” and in the evening I was led to that solemn text,—“This year thou shalt die.” I never remember to have felt more concern of spirit in preaching; and if silent attention indicated any thing in the audience, at times a breath might have been heard. The Lord only knows whether it had any saving effect. On Thursday evening, the “one thing needful” was the subject; and it was considered as communion with Jesus Christ. Yesterday morning, the people had the apostolic exhortation given them (Col. iii. 16, former part),—“Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom;” and in the evening a numerous and respectable congregation was met with the gospel invitation,—“Come, for all things are ready.” I had to bless the Lord for the same earnestness of spirit as on the preceding sabbath; and the attention that was arrested was truly pleasing; and if apparent effects

should be followed up, it will be a mercy indeed. I trust you have all been praying for me; as with thankfulness I mention, that I have not had so much of God in my work a good while before. Go on, then, to pray; and who knows but immortal souls may be your reward. My dark and gloomy night at Tabernacle, might be necessary to precede a light and pleasing morn.

Tell my dear aunt that I am well, and that I beg my affectionate remembrance. Present my best respects to Mr. and Mrs. G—. To our good mothers in Israel, I hope you will remember me.

Yours truly

LETTER XV.

TO MR. N—

London, Feb. 4, 1796.

My dear Sir,

I TRUST I have added to my stock of valuables at F—; and believe I shall know no diminution; but that my interest in your prayers will be durable wealth. I feel thankful in being able to assure you, that an implicit obedience to the

the divine direction, is still the supported experience of my soul. May this guide my pen, when I next write to you on the important subject; and then we may safely confide in the determination, as the appointed will of our God.

I have had the happiness to meet my uncle and aunt, with my other friends, in comfort. And the enjoyment of Christian communion, I hope, increases, rather than lessens, communion with Christ. While I write, the idea of the saints' communion strikes me with pleasure; and I cannot forbear indulging the reflection.—It is a communion which absence does not prevent; for often "at once they sing, at once they pray." Around the throne resorted to by all, they have fellowship one with another. And frequently, though they know it not, they hold a near communion in fears, expectations, and delights. Their minds, made kindred by a Power Divine, muse on the same subjects, and take the same retired walks within. A course tending to the heavenly land they are all agreed to run in; and thus they tread the same path, though sometimes with unequal steps. Their blest communion death cannot interrupt; for as to the saints in glory, among their numbers, in their lays, we even now thirst to join; yea, we pant to praise. And as the happy family, one after another, arrive

arrive there, their communion is rendered complete, and its duration secured for eternity. If this is a true picture of the internal state of the church, how much is it to be lamented, that its outward appearance bears so small a resemblance! Let us ever use our feeble efforts to make it wear a more lovely form; and let us commune like saints in spirit and employ.

We realized the friendly trio this morning in the family; perhaps at once we prayed. And who knows, if remembrance was reciprocal, but mutual benefit was received. My best wishes for its spiritual prosperity, I beg to convey; and, as a Christian remembrance, the ladies will oblige me in receiving *The Christian Remembrancer*;* which, as my author expresses it, "will neither encumber them to carry, nor fatigue them to read." Should they favour me with their thoughts on any of its contents, it will be esteemed a remembrance in return. And might I propose the text, it should be the third chapter in the second part (*How do I live upon Christ?*), with their own experience as the comment. You will be kind enough to present my due respects to the friends in gene-

* This excellent book is written by Ambrose Serle, esq., the learned and pious author of *Hours Solitaria*.

ral; and believe me, dear Sir, sensible of your particular kindness.

Your obliged friend and servant in the Lord

LETTER XVI.

TO HIS MOTHER.

Newport-Pagnell, Feb. 19, 1796.

My dear Mother,

YOU are doubtless expecting to receive a line from me; and I embrace a short opportunity that presents itself, for that purpose. If you inquire after my health, I have to say, through mercy, it is quite as well as when I left town. My mind has been barren since I was with you; though I have not been wholly destitute of seasons of fruitfulness and joy. Last Saturday I rode out forty-five miles,—preached three times on the sabbath,—returned here on the Monday.—It was too much for me; but the Lord was pleased to strengthen me, and to favour me with a sense of his presence in my work. And to be used in the service of Christ is every thing. He is a Good Master to serve; tho' in me he finds but a sorry servant. Let it be your constant prayer for me, that I may be made a blessed

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instrument of good to precious and immortal souls. I sometimes anticipate, with pleasure and with fear, the work of a stated labourer in the vineyard of Jesus Christ. I can conceive of no happiness like that arising from the produce of a soil attended to with care, and watered with frequent tears; nor any work so important as that of constantly cultivating the garden of God. Were it not for the promise of Him, whose property the garden is, I should despair. But because he has promised his blessing shall be as the dew upon Israel, and as constant and free as the former and latter rains, my hope revives; and I can even believe a much less than Paul or Apollos shall not cultivate any appointed spot in vain. This spot I wish the Lord to point out; and the nature of the soil I would leave with him. Should it be friendly to the seed that is sown, the prospect of increase will be greater. But should it be unfriendly as the desert, his blessing can make it fruitful as the Eden of God. I trust the Lord will direct me to the appointed spot; though I am not certain that it is yet made evident. But if the Lord favours me with the privilege of being nothing, I shall doubtless see his will made plain; and, being guided by his counsel, I hope not to err.

x I hope you find the golden pipes in tow
supplied by that river, the streams of which
make

make glad the city of God; as I am well convinced of your being aware, that pipes of themselves, however splendid, can yield no supply. The privileges in London are great; but they appear to be as greatly abused. Let me pray then for my dear mother, and for hers, that into London hearers they may never degenerate. And if a word of advice may be given, by one who ever wishes to learn from others, I would say, Hear not at many different places; but where the word proves the most profitable, there be constant guests.

Adieu

LETTER XVII.

TO MISS. C.

March 7, 1796.

WHEN I requested the favour of a remembrance, I could scarcely expect it would have been particular. But as Mrs. — and Miss C. — have thus equally obliged me, I feel bound to make an acknowledgment to each. Allow me then, dear Madam, to use the materials you have kindly furnished me with; and as you have been

been pleased to communicate something you dare call your own, permit me to dignify this your portion, and to attempt, if possible, to heighten it in your esteem. I believe you will acknowledge these to have been your words, "That to be entirely devoted to God, and united to the dear Redeemer, is my best, my only desire." From whence this desire springs, need not be pointed out; its origin is allowed to be divine: that the object it looks forward to is gained, is beyond all doubt; as a desire of union to Christ, is that union itself. The nature of this union, and its happy consequences, may be profitable to consider. Surely then its nature is so durable, that change cannot alter it, nor time dissolve it:—its consequences, did I style them happy, and can I wish to erase the term?—Not if I view the subject of it as a branch united to a Living Stem,—an Ever-living Vine. The branch indeed feeble in itself, and likely soon to wither and to die; but, receiving sap and nourishment from its union with the root, it is strengthened and upheld: its buds increase to blossoms; its blossoms ripen into fruit. The keen wind of adversity may threaten to nip it in its bud; the gloom of night may sometimes cause its blossoms to be concealed: or, if its situation be not by the rivers of water, and the warm sun of prosperity shines too bright, though

though its verdure may be considerably diminished, yet, while the root remains alive, the branch can never die. "Because I live, ye shall live also." I may then behold this branch; its fruit being first matured in the garden of God here; removed with care, and conveyed with safety, to the Eden of God above; and there I may see it, yet nearer united to its root, blooming in endless day. "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory." But my bible mingles caution with encouragement; and, while I have attempted to afford the one, I am persuaded that Miss C—— will not deem me less a bible-minister, if my letter includes the other. Those that are united to Christ, will indeed ultimately be with him in glory. But we have not yet thus attained, nor are we at present thus perfect in Christ Jesus. We may have to share in his sufferings, before we participate with him in his glory. That of reproach for his name, if I mistake not, you have already endured; and though you have hitherto been enabled to esteem it your happiness,—yet hereafter, if the divine aid is not continually afforded, you may view it in a different light. A zealous Peter followed afar off. If in the Christian world you expect no counterfeits to appear, you will probably be pained to find, "all is not

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gold

gold that glitters." Yet, be assured, the religion of Jesus is still a reality. If in experience you expect a constancy, be not surprised should it prove a checkered scene. Sorrow may shade your joy, and darkness preclude your light, alternately, as night succeeds the day. Should the caution appear to be strange, it did so to one who has since learned its needfulness. And, were he not fearful of egotism, he could inform you *how* he has felt its necessity. An author has done it for him, in the following lines:

"Once was my soul indulged to prove
The smiles of Jesus' face;
I knew mine int'rest in his love,
And triumph'd in his grace.

My dearest friends appear'd a dream,
And earth a trifling toy;
I counted all things dross for Him,
Who fill'd me with his joy.

I thought of hell with fearless heart,
And wanted death to come;
It seem'd so pleasant to depart,
And dwell with Christ at home.

But, ah! those pleasing hours are fled;
My Lord no more appears;
This strikes my choicest comforts dead,
And fills my soul with fears.

And shall this scene for ever last?
Will Christ return no more?

O lovely Lamb, make haste,—make haste;
And former joys restore."

The

The latter part is chiefly my present experience; and though sometimes, while breathing the concluding request, a return of former joys is happily known, yet these seasons are what the Remembrancer calls—*“Suavis hora, brevis mora;—times as short as pleasant.”*

I am admonished on all sides to conclude. My candle, paper, and time, are nearly exhausted. May our blessed Lord be with you in every vicissitude; and conduct you safe to his heavenly kingdom. Believe this, dear Madam, the sincere prayer of an unworthy servant of the Lord's.

not exhausted.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE REV. MR. B——, JUN.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Farnham, July 4, 1797.

I WAS a few weeks since at a meeting of ministers. Mr. B—— preached, on the glory of the church. He observed, among other things, that if a person, especially one called by divine grace in early life, lived wholly with a view to promote the glory of

LETTER

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God,

✓ God, it was incalculable the good he might do. The thought has since much impressed my mind. O that it may diffuse its influence through every part of my conduct: living to the glory of God in whatever I am engaged; setting this continually before me, as the one mark at which all my endeavours are to be aimed. My dear friend, surely there is nothing worth living for but this; and yet how little, at least I feel how little, have I promoted it. ----- Since the 7th of April [*the day of his ordination*] I have had a variety of exercises. We are naturally inclined to dread the approach of any solemn event; and to feel relieved when the time appointed is over. Yet, in this instance, surely the relief is not gained, by the day of ordination being past. I feel it as an admission into a scene of difficulty; and as a confirmation in a state of trial. I have already found some things which your dear father mentioned as painful and distressing; and, blessed be the Lord, others to encourage me to go forward in my work. I assure you that I feel increasingly my need of living upon and looking unto Jesus. In him alone I desire to glory. — O that he may use me more than ever in his service; and enable me to live more entirely to his glory.

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

TO MRS. S—

[AN EXTRACT.]

Margate, Sept. 13, 1797.

THANKS to our heavenly Father, my dearest love, I have now the happiness to say, that I am indeed better. Yes, believe me, I am much better in all respects. My bodily health is better; my spirits are better. That sloth and inactivity of mind, which I have felt so much of late, is indeed greatly removed. I am stronger; exertion is rendered less painful; and is now more desirable to me. O my dear love, I hope I shall not fall into such an inactive frame again. You must make me bustle about, and take exercise daily; which, I am more than ever convinced, tends to the cheerfulness and activity of the mind. I heard three times on Sabbath-day; and was able to attend, each time, much better than I could have expected. Monday was a wet day: I read in the morning some account of the Life of Mr. John Janeway, an eminently pious minister, who died at an early age. O my love, what cause for shame I felt! How little like such

L3 a holy,

a holy, devoted man! Some things gave me comfort, as well as quickened me.

x Through mercy, my mind has in general been stayed upon the Lord. I have had some happy seasons in private, not much known of late. I have felt an increase of a conviction, which you recollect I mentioned before I left home,—that I had entered too little into the contemplation of the glorious truths of the gospel; and dwelt too seldom, in my thoughts and preaching, on the great mystery of godliness. O that I may enter more into it than ever; discern more of its glory; feel more of its blessedness; and declare it now more fully, for the benefit of my fellow-creatures! I do indeed, through divine assistance, hope I shall.

LETTER XX.

TO THE REV. MR. B——, JUN.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Farnham, OE. 18, 1797.

I SHOULD have told you, my dear friend, that some things have occurred, which have greatly oppressed my spirits, and evidently injured my health.

But

But I am sorry I have said so much about them.* I wish to consider this occurrence as a needful trial; and trust to be enabled to cast my burthen on the Lord. Blessed be his name, he does not leave us without a witness. We have a pleasing work among some of the young people; and, I trust, the more likely to be lasting, from its having been gradual.

O my dear friend, how different is a distant prospect of a settled minister's work, from being actually engaged in it! At some former periods, I have anticipated the happiness of coming up before a people, for the welfare of whose souls I should feel a peculiar concern; and who, I trusted, in return would be anxiously desirous to strengthen my hands, and encourage my heart. Sabbaths amongst such, appeared in prospect days of heaven. But I then too superficially viewed the work; and did not sufficiently consider, that, in order to ministerial usefulness, temptation was the main ingredient. May but the present trial be sanctified to my own soul, and fit me for greater usefulness in my Master's work, and I trust I shall welcome its most painful circumstances. Through mercy, I feel myself enabled to meet it very differently from

* He refers to a few of his people, who had adopted some lax, antinomian sentiments in religion.

what I did; and am willing to labour in the midst of present discouragements, if it be in any measure the means of advancing the glory of God.

LETTER XXI.

TO THE REV. MR. B——, JUN.

Farnham, Jan. 4, 1798.

I SHOULD have thanked you for your letter before now, but it has been so busy a sowing-time with me of late, that I have really been unable. I trust indeed our intercourse is not confined to this epistolary mode, but that we often meet at our Father's throne: and indeed this privilege marks the difference between Christian friendship and the friendship of the world. And the pleasing enjoyment of it evidently points out its great superiority. I sometimes derive real benefit from a prayerful remembrance of my absent friends in Christ; and feel a liberty to pour out my soul to God, which at those times I probably should not otherwise enjoy. Let us then, my dear friend, for our mutual benefit, meet as often as possible at a throne of grace.

I am

I am truly thankful that the Lord has been pleased to favour you with his gracious presence in your public work. And, through especial mercy, I have much of the same happy experience to record. Yes, my dear brother, I have received a fresh supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ. My Master has been more with me than for a long time past. The anointing oil, thus poured on the head of the priest, has also run down to the skirts of his garment; as the people have shared in the blessing, and in the public means have more abundantly enjoyed the presence of the Lord. It will afford you pleasure to know, that the exercise of my mind, as it respects the work of God here, is not so painful as when I wrote before. I cannot say the prospect at present is much brighter; but I am enabled to trust that in due time it will. My mind has been greatly encouraged and supported in the hope of this; and passages of scripture, very suitable to my situation, have been applied to me with peculiar force. Amongst these I cannot help mentioning Isa. xlix. and Zech. i. ii. and iii.—Our little remnant seem to be gathering strength; they are more united, and more earnest in prayer for a blessing on the word: and, though there are many adversaries and obstacles around, the Lord is graciously pleased to afford some tokens for good: and an instance or two of usefulness in.

in a way of conversion, I would look upon as an earnest of future increase. Our revolvers, I believe I may say, have forsaken us; and I have the sorrowful satisfaction to add, that the leprosy of error covers them from head to foot. You may suppose, my dear brother, I have much to try me. But I trust it has not all been in vain. Some advantage has already accrued to myself and the people from it; and I have been ready to adopt the language of the apostle (II. Cor. i. 6.), "And whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer: or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation:" as the truth of these words has in some measure been happily experienced. Yet, after all the Lord's goodness to me in my public work, I often find a dull, careless, lifeless heart in secret. I have need of daily prayer for quickening grace; and frequently have to complain, that when I would do good, evil is present with me. I assure you, what with my calling, and with my own heart, I find quite enough to employ me; and have only to lament, that I keep it with no more diligence, knowing that out of it are the issues of life. Through mercy, my health is more established, which also contributes to the pleasure of my ministerial work; and enables me
more

more steadily and uninterruptedly to engage in it. It is pleasing to see the general exertions that are making among the people of God, for the increasing prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom.

LETTER XXII.

TO HIS UNCLE.

[AN EXTRACT.]

Farnham, May 1, 1798.

I HAVE not been able to write to any one since I wrote to you last. My old companion the cough has stuck so close to me of late, as to render me very unequal to what I have been obliged to engage in; and I have sometimes thought we shall never part, till we take a *final* leave. At some intervals I have been led to reflect, from the state of my health, that the time of my continuance here would be but short. But, through mercy, this has not been attended with any dejection of mind: on the contrary, the prospect before me has been cheering; and, personally considered, dying has been felt desirable. Probably I may in some measure attribute this, under God, to the peaceful, blessed departure

parture of a dear afflicted friend here, to which I was lately witness. Our friend, so long severely tried with a cancer under her tongue, finished the period of her warfare below, and went triumphantly to glory, on my birth-day, March 21st. She was supported to the last, and left a blessed testimony behind her of the faithfulness of a Covenant-God. Let us not be slothful, but followers of such as through faith and patience are now inheriting the promises. I was much led to attempt to realize the blessedness the happy spirit enjoyed, when it left the pale worn-out body; but

"In vain my fancy strove to paint
The moment after death!"

I believed the blessedness real,—and hoped
one day to know it!

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